

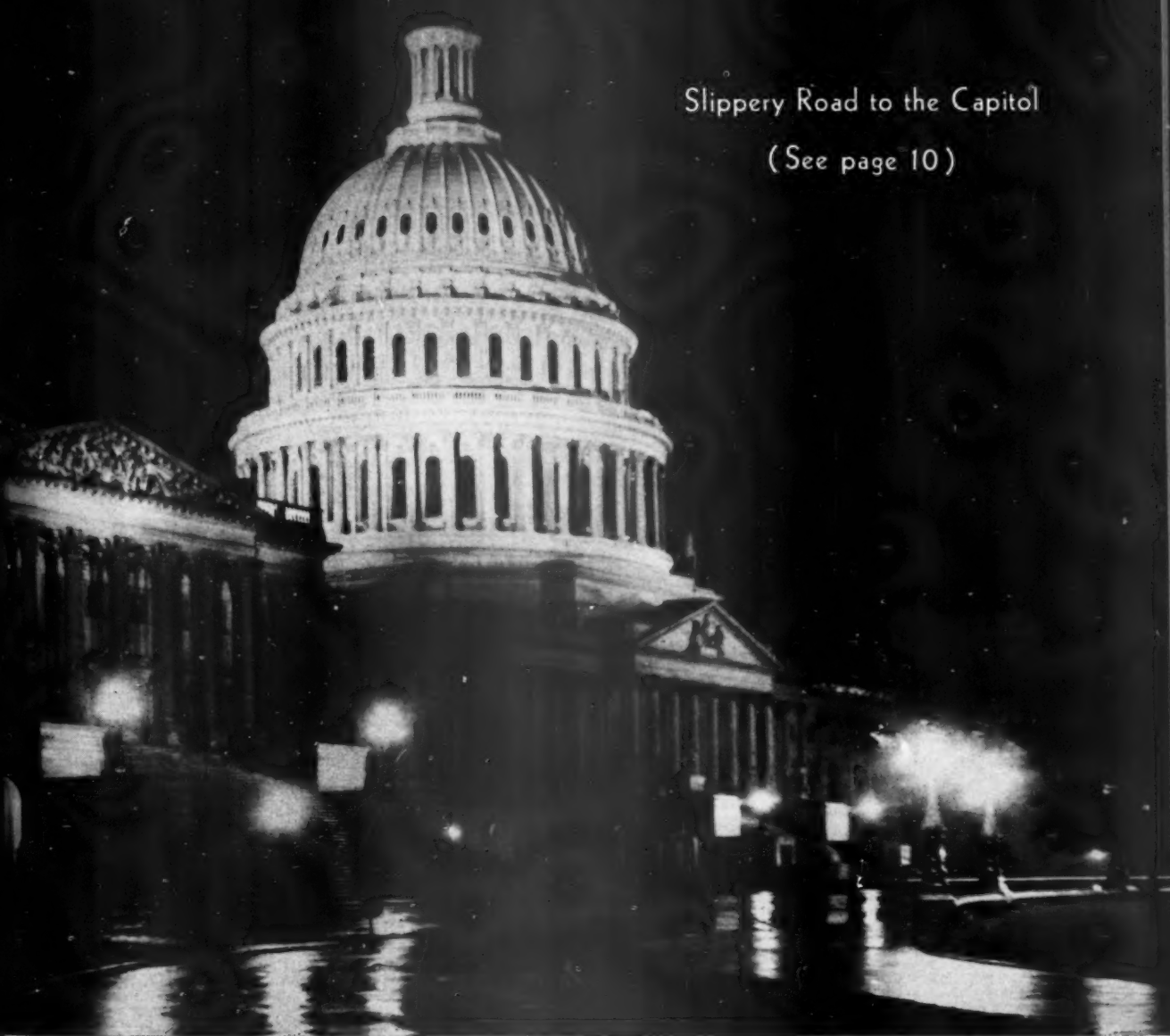
THE *Sign*



NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Slippery Road to the Capitol

(See page 10)



A Pole Speaks His Mind--Alexander Janta

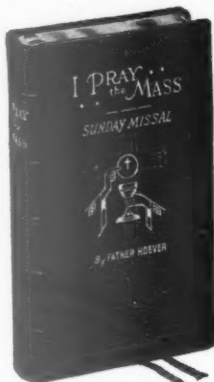
September 1946

Brassil Fitzgerald—Harry C. Herman—Max Jordan

Price 20c



No. 440/02-B
No. 440/02-B — Black imitation leather round corners, design on front cover stamped in gold, red under gold edges silk bookmarks 1.25



No. 440/13
No. 440/13 — Genuine black leather, Seal grain, round corners, title and design on front cover stamped in gold, red under gold edges, silk bookmarks..... 1.75



No. 440/75 (Moire Lined)
No. 440/76 (Leather Lined)
No. 440/75 — DeLuxe edition, genuine black Morocco leather, red under gold edges, hand tooled rolled-gold border on inside of front and back cover, title on backbone stamped in gold, LINED WITH SILK MOIRE, silk bookmarks 3.75
No. 440/76 — DeLuxe edition, genuine Black Morocco leather, red under gold edges hand tooled rolled-gold border on inside of front and back cover, title on backbone stamped in gold, LINED WITH GENUINE LEATHER, silk bookmarks... 3.75

Hear Mass Devoutly and Intelligently with

The New Sunday Missal

"I Pray The Mass"

**This beautiful new Sunday Missal has
Twelve Distinctive Features:**

1. **"I PRAY THE MASS"** is the most complete American-made Sunday Missal today. It has 14 Prefaces
2. **The New Revised Text** of the New Testament is used throughout
3. **"I PRAY THE MASS"** has large, clear, legible type, printed throughout in red and black
4. **"I PRAY THE MASS"** has over 125 original drawings
5. **"Liturgical Calendar"** good for 10 years is a guide to what Mass the priest is saying at the altar
6. **"References"** in **"I PRAY THE MASS"** are distinct (on separate lines), and complete, making it easy to follow the priest
7. **"Thought for Today"** at the beginning of each Sunday's Mass helps meditation
8. **"Thought for the Week"** at the end of most of the Masses is excellent spiritual reading
9. **"Treasury of Prayers"** in the back of the Missal proper, is a prayerbook in itself
10. **"I PRAY THE MASS"** is further complete by listing separately (pages 379-381) the Extra Masses which are used in certain years to round out the Church year
11. **"I PRAY THE MASS"** has all the necessary Masses (for all Sundays and Holydays of Obligation) including also the Nuptial Mass and the Mass of St. Joseph
12. **"I PRAY THE MASS"** has 448 pages. It is the latest and most up-to-date missal obtainable today

ORDER BY NUMBER

THE SIGN—Book Dept.—MONASTERY PL., UNION CITY, N. J.

8-46

Please send me..... Copy Style No.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

PAYMENT ENCLOSED ☐ CHARGE ☐

ALL PRICES ARE POSTPAID

Personal Mention

► Alexander Janta, captain in the Polish Army, was widely known in Poland before the war as a writer and lecturer who had covered the Ethiopian and the Sino-Japanese wars and who had been for two years a special correspondent in Tokyo. Prominent in the Polish resistance, he was taken prisoner of war by the Germans following the collapse of France. He posed as a French soldier, René Monsort, and so escaped the fate reserved for Poles caught fighting with the French. He has told the story in his book, *I Lied to Live*, one of the most thrilling books of the war, and in a subsequent volume, *Bound With Two Chains*.

► Max Jordan, NBC Continental-European manager, is the dean of American foreign radio correspondents. For over a decade he has reported world-stirring events from more than twenty countries on the continent. Some of the more outstanding among his broadcasts are: the first stratosphere flight by Prof. Auguste Piccard in Switzerland; the first broadcast of the bells of Bethlehem; Hitler's march on Austria and the famous Munich Agreement, which he reported to the world ahead of all other news services; the invasion of Norway and Denmark; the first broadcast from the Siegfried Line; and many others. Originally a newspaperman with the Hearst organization, Mr. Jordan worked in the Hearst New York and Washington offices. After circling the globe as a writer and lecturer, he became European representative for NBC in 1931.

► John C. O'Brien, one of the sanest and most competent of the commentators on the Washington scene, after some ten years with the *New York Herald Tribune*, four of which were spent in its Washington Bureau, became a member of the Washington Bureau of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. He has been president of the White House Correspondents' Association and has been a contributor to various national magazines.

► Pat McDonough, who writes this month's *Sign Sports Story*, has been Bowling Editor of the *New York World-Telegram* since 1942 and a member of its sports department for the past twenty years. At various times he has been a baseball correspondent with the Yankees, Giants, and Dodgers. He is a member of the Baseball Writers Association.

THE Sign



Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

REV. DAVID BULMAN, C.P. Associate Editor
REV. RALPH GORMAN, C.P., Editor
REV. AUGUSTINE PAUL HENNESSY, C.P. Literary Editor
BUSINESS AND CIRCULATION DEPARTMENTS
REV. BERTIN DONAHUE, C.P. Manager
REV. JAMES ANTHONY McAGHON, C.P. Assistant Manager
MISSION DEPARTMENT
REV. EMMANUEL TRAINOR, C.P. Procurator
REV. PIUS TREVOY, C.P. Assistant Procurator

CONTENTS

September 1946

ARTICLES

A POLE SPEAKS HIS MIND.....	Alexander Janta	7
WHO WILL CONTROL THE NEXT CONGRESS?.....	John C. O'Brien	10
PEACE DOVES OF PARIS.....	Max Jordan	13
ARCHBISHOPS WEAR RED, TOO.....	Gerard Sloyan	18
TWO STRIKES ON THE BATTER.....	Frank Moore, S.J.	27
A LABOR MISSION TO THE NEW GERMANY.....	Harry C. Herman	37
JIGSAW PUZZLES LEFT BY HITLER.....	Arthur Egan	43
LEGAL LARCENY—A Sign Sports Story.....	Pat McDonough	44
PRINCIPALITIES AND POWERS.....	Fidelis Rice, C.P.	51

SHORT STORIES

THE ANGELA HOUSE.....	Charles Carver	16
THOMAS CASEY, THE SCHEMER.....	Brassil Fitzgerald	22
TALL SPARS AGAINST THE SKY.....	Paul T. Wentworth	32

EDITORIALS

THE JEWS AND PALESTINE.....	Ralph Gorman, C.P.	2
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT.....		3

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

QUIET JOURNEY.....	Reginald Arliss, C.P.	46
--------------------	-----------------------	----

FEATURES—DEPARTMENTS

PERSONAL MENTION.....		1
THE DRUMS OF HATE—Poem.....	Arthur Wallace Peach	21
SIGN POST: QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.....		29
STAGE AND SCREEN.....	Jerry Cotter	40
WOMAN TO WOMAN.....	Katherine Burton	45
CATEGORICA.....		49
BOOKS.....		53
FICTION IN FOCUS.....	John S. Kennedy	59
LETTERS.....		62

Cover Photo: Harris & Ewing

Vol. 26 - No. 2

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited, and published at UNION CITY, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers, (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price \$2.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 20c. Canada, \$2.00 per year; Foreign, \$2.50 per year. * All checks and money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. All cash remittances should be registered. * Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance without reference to time of publication. * Subscriptions and Advertising inquiries should be addressed to the Circulation Manager. Advertising rates on application. Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, Change of Address should be sent in at least two weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the OLD and the NEW address should always be given. Phone—Union 7-6400. * Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Par. 4—Sec. 558, Act of May 26, 1935. * All the contents of THE SIGN are protected by copyright. The Editor's permission must be obtained for reprint of any contribution. THE SIGN is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index.

Copyright by THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., 1946

Editorial

The Jews and Palestine

A LAUDABLE sympathy for the terrible sufferings of the Jewish people has blinded many to the facts of the case regarding Palestine. This is but another tragedy added to the long list of tragedies suffered by the Jews, because a Jewish state in Palestine has become almost universally accepted as the major, if not the only, means of rescuing Europe's displaced and refugee Jews. We are convinced that such a state cannot and should not succeed.

Palestine is but a small territory in a vast Arab domain, and even there, in spite of heavy immigration in recent years, the Jews are only half as numerous as the Arabs. Divided on most other issues the Arabs, not only of Palestine but of the whole Arab world, are united in their undying opposition to the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine. Only superior military power can overcome that opposition, and then probably only temporarily.

As matters stand at present, Britain is the only country in a position to use force of arms to compel the Arabs to accept a Jewish state in Palestine. But British interests in the Middle East are too important for her to risk a war with the Arab world.

FURTHERMORE, Britain, as her recent proposals indicate, doesn't want an independent Palestine for either Jew or Arab or both combined. It is essential to the preservation of the Empire that Britain keep open her life line to the East, and the Suez Canal is the narrowest and most vulnerable part of that life line. The British are withdrawing from Egypt and are basing their military establishment for the defense of the Canal chiefly in Palestine. Britain is there to stay—in spite of Zionist aspirations and Pan-Arab ambitions. In fact, the hopeless division between Jews and Arabs provides Britain with a ready-made reason for continuing her control of the country.

The assertion that Palestine belongs of right to the Jews is based chiefly on historical reasons and on the Balfour Declaration of 1917. The historical reasons are patently absurd. Jews have not ruled Palestine for two thousand years. For thirteen hundred years the country has been occupied by the Arabs, with a few remnants of the Jews in scattered communities. Zionist efforts to make Palestine an independent Jewish state in spite of Arab opposition are acts of

aggression, and the Arabs would be justified in meeting them as such.

In the Balfour Declaration, Britain did what many nations have done before and since—she gave away what didn't belong to her. She had not even conquered Palestine at the time of the Declaration, and in any case her conquest gave her no right to take the country from the Turks who were in control and hand it over to the Jews. Furthermore the Balfour Declaration speaks only of "a national home for the Jewish people" and gives no intimation of any intention of establishing an independent state.

There is a strong element of hypocrisy in the clamor that is being made here and abroad denouncing the Arabs for refusing to cede their country to the Jews and condemning the British because they will not force entrance for the Jews at the point of a bayonet. Certainly, no nation, even among the United Nations, can point a finger of scorn at either the British or the Arabs. What nation—including our own—has made any substantial contribution to the solution of this question? "Let him who is without sin among you be the first to cast a stone."

AT PRESENT, there are about 325,000 displaced and refugee Jews in Europe who will have to be resettled. To resettle them would not be a problem at all if such countries as the U. S., Canada, Australia, various South American countries, Soviet Russia, and other members of the U. N. would simply divide them up among themselves as immigrants instead of passing the buck to the Arabs. Not only could they be easily absorbed but also the 700,000 non-Jewish displaced persons and refugees now living in what amount to concentration camps.

This is a problem of human suffering and misery that should appeal to the Christian conscience. It is a situation that can be remedied, and every day of delay adds to the guilt of those who do not act.

If we refuse to act, if we allow our immigration laws to be an excuse—or an alibi—at least let us not condemn others who may be less guilty.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



FACT AND COMMENT

EDITORIALS

In Picture

And

In Print



International

Amputees visited their congressmen to ask for automobiles. And they got the legislation they wanted. We can understand their problem but doubt the prudence of such a measure.



Press Association

Ten million pengos to light a pipe! Though there's little danger here of any inflation like Hungary's, still even moderate inflation causes hardship, and for some disaster.

IF ANY fact has been brought home forcibly, it is the grim truth that the cessation of war is not the beginning of peace. Months have dragged by. Conferences have been held. The

world literally groans for peace. Gentlemen talk of it. But there is no peace. And the performance that goes on in Paris gives scant hope of anything more

Ten Points For Peace

than a nominal peace. During the dismal days of war men and nations thought in terms of justice. Like a man who never turns to God till tragedy strikes, the democratic world examined its conscience and swore that if the war were won, it would fashion the peace upon the principles of the Atlantic Charter. The United Nations, including the Big Four, solemnly signed a document known as the Declaration of the United Nations, a document based on the Atlantic Charter. In God's Providence, the United Nations won the war. Now they are shaping the peace. But there is little talk of justice or principles or of the Atlantic Charter.

If Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Molotov, if Mr. Bevin and Mr. Bidault are willing to shoulder the responsibility in their countries' names of molding the peace, then it is time that Christendom forced upon their attention the simple morals of what can and cannot be done in this international game of compromise. No one has outlined more succinctly the principles of a durable peace than has the Father of Christendom, Pope Pius XII. In his Christmas allocutions on the Birthday of the Prince of Peace during the war years, he laid down the basic moral rules. It is well to sketch them here, howsoever summarily, that they may serve as a rule of thumb to indicate how far the Paris peacemakers have strayed. The only thing that can save the peace now is world opinion. Even Mr. Molotov is said to respect that. This is the Papal program for peace:

- 1) All nations, great or weak, have the right to life and independence.
- 2) Within each nation racial and religious minorities have the right to be treated without discrimination.
- 3) Among nations the repudiation of power politics which do so much to beget suspicion and fear and breed wars.
- 4) Within each nation the repudiation of narrow nationalism that begets hostility toward other nations and tends toward totalitarianism.
- 5) Establishment of permanent international institutions which shall have the power to carry out the peace conditions and to revise them if need be.
- 6) Progressive disarmament by common agreement.
- 7) International co-operation to insure a proper standard of living among all nations.
- 8) Victory over hate lest vengeance poison the peace.
- 9) Recognition of the juridic order which proclaims that law is above nations and individuals, that might does not make right, that expediency is not the basis of law.
- 10) Recovery by statesmen and by peoples of faith in a personal God, the Legislator and Judge, to Whom men and

nations must render an account. Only in this way will come the moral strength that begets that "spirit which alone can give life, authority, and binding force to the dead letter of international agreement," a spirit compounded of three elements, "a sense of deep responsibility, which measures all human statutes according to the law of God, a hunger and thirst after justice, and that universal love which is the compendium and most universal expression of the Christian ideal."

A lofty, too-exalted program? Perhaps. But this much is sure. If we want peace, then there is no other road. Absolutely no other road. Not even in Paris.

When Kaiser Wilhelm was reported to have said to the British Government, "But surely you are not going to war over a scrap of paper!" the world was properly indignant. To

The Atom Bomb and Treaties

call the solemn treaty guaranteeing Belgian neutrality a scrap of paper! Kaiser Wilhelm was a generation ahead of his times. Many a solemn treaty has

since then been of no more worth than the scrap of paper it was written on. Including the Kellogg pact outlawing wars.

And now we are asked by the nation who sponsored so many nonaggression pacts, and broke them, to cease from making atom bombs, to scrap the ones made, and to share the "know how" of manufacture. And for guarantee? A treaty. Another solemn treaty on a scrap of paper. This one outlawing the military use of atomic energy through a covenant of nations, each nation to punish its own nationals should they violate the treaty terms.

In these days when treaties have become a mockery, such a proposition seriously made and truculently championed sounds starkly naïve. We have learned from bloody experience, as have Poland, the Baltic States, and even Japan among others, that no nation can be trusted merely because it has pledged its faith. Honor among nations is as antiquated as chivalry in battle or gallantry among warriors in the days when knighthood was in flower.

And yet, it is a melancholy moral consideration that this should be so. The highest surety among nations, as among individuals, should be that solemn pledge which between nations is called a treaty and between individuals, a promise. No further guarantee should be necessary. For honor, integrity is at stake. An upright man would die rather than "welsh" after giving his solemn word. An honest nation would go to war rather than renege on its treaties.

CONSIDERATION of the lack of honor among nations that allows them to break faith is indeed a melancholy moral commentary on the times. For it shows the extent to which

Code of Honor Disappearing

of regarding expediency, not justice, as the arbiter of what is morally right, what is morally wrong. Every day men and women plight their troth "till death do us part," and every day men and women are breaking their solemn promises and justifying it because circumstances have changed. Every day in the business world and in the realm of personal relationships promises are made. Serious promises binding in justice. And every day promises are broken because for one of the parties it has become hard or unprofitable or inconvenient to keep them. The docket of any court attests to this in the case of those promises that have the legal status of contracts. Pragmatism, the philosophy that bases right and wrong on the criterion of pleasurable convenience, is having its day. And many a Christian, perhaps unwittingly, subscribes to it.



General de Gaulle at Bar-le-Duc's World War I Memorial spoke out for a Britain and a France united for peace as they were for war. The fate of Europe depends on it.



She doesn't own much but she wants to own it in Italy where she will be free. So she is leaving Pola. Like many others she fears that the city might fall under Tito's mad rule.

Justice is a stern virtue. But is it stern only because the human will is fickle, changeable as the tides that ebb and flow. It is precisely because this is so that there is any point in making a promise. The man who promises, knowing how irresolute the human will can be, nevertheless wants to go on record as binding himself come hell or high water to keep his word. The party who receives the promise has assurance the promise will be kept. For the alternative is dishonor, injustice. Moral evil. Sin.

The only difference in effect between nations and individuals when promises are broken is this: individuals may suffer loss of rights, loss of property, and some, even damaged lives and broken hearts; but nations go to war. Were it not the patent fact that promises have lost their binding power among individuals and hence among nations, were it not the unhumorous truth that breach of promise has achieved startling popularity even on an international level, there would be no objection to the Soviet proposal on atomic energy. But the facts, sadly, are otherwise. The Baruch proposal, the American position, takes cognizance of the amoral facts of life. Since justice is not in vogue among nations, sanctions must be imposed by a supernational authority which has the power to make its own investigations. There is no sane alternative. To adopt the Russian proposal would be to succumb to stark madness.

REMEMBER the arguments we heard during the war when we were being assured that we were right in getting into it? Remember how we went about convincing ourselves that it

More Cogent Now Than Ever

was something of a holy crusade? We pictured a world threatened by a horrible beast called Fascism and we stoutly maintained that as long as innocent nations lay prostrate under its iron heel it was our job to challenge its tyranny, to grapple with it in a life-and-death struggle, to squeeze it until it howled for mercy and slumped into unmistakable and unqualified subjection. We told ourselves that the democracies had to stand together, that we formed a natural brotherhood which put obligations of mutual assistance upon all of us, that we must work incessantly for that happy day when sovereign nations, lying within boundaries drawn by the freely voiced will of their own populace, would set out on the more cheerful business of making a happier world for everybody. Our thought wasn't always crystal clear or flawlessly logical. But it was fundamentally correct and basically Christian.

It is hard to see why the same arguments that made us go to the woeful trouble of fighting a war shouldn't be good enough to make us strive unswervingly to establish peace—even on a continent that seems insistent upon charting out trouble zones for itself and multiplying the social problems of its people. There were some understandable reasons why died-in-the-wool isolationists clamored to keep us out of the war, because waging the war involved doing much that was wrong. But postwar isolationists are not intent upon preventing what is bad; they simply want to limit our chances for doing good. They want us to creep back into our shell of contented comfort and security while other people starve or face a winter without a home or see themselves shifted from one regime to another without having a champion to defend their cause.

Subtly, a transformation is occurring in American thought. And it is definitely unchristian—a step backward where we had been making gains. Some people are all too ready to give voice to a frame of mind which we thought we had outgrown long ago; the old half-forgotten theory, which in brief amounts to "let's mind our own business and let Europe look after itself," is getting a new lease on life. It takes the form of a cynical commentary on the futility of our internationalist efforts to straighten out the muddle which is Europe.



Press Association

Champion fomenter of procedural disputes. He tries hard to turn peacemaking into a political game. And he wants to be boss or he won't play. It's time to grow up, Vyacheslav.



Black Star

Cardinal Faulhaber still speaks forth fearlessly. Nazis were never able to silence him. And we can't help wondering, where in all the Russias is there a voice free as his?



International

A just protest outside the White House. But a feeble gesture at best. Not even a President can uproot hatred with a word. But some Southern politicians are experts at sowing it.



Jesus T. Pinero is the first native to be appointed Governor of Puerto Rico since American troops landed there in 1898. May this be the first step toward home rule.



Anti-Franco demonstration, 40,000 strong. "Down with the Spanish Dictator!" And of all places in Dictator Tito's Belgrade! Compared to Yugoslavia, Spain is paradise.



House hunting is still the veteran's most wearisome job. Mr. Wyatt's "reserved" sign will help a little. Too bad he can't find more houses to put his sign on—cheap ones, too.

Europe's problems are our problems, and we cannot shun that responsibility without being immoral and unchristian. Now more than ever it is imperative to let our social thinking be dominated by that utterly simple but easily forgotten truth spoken by Pius XI, "All must remember that the peoples of the earth are but one family in God." Whether we like the job or not, we are our brother's keeper—and the job is still ours even if he happens to be ungrateful, tricky, or improvident.

IN ANY list of war casualties there is always one notable omission. We never read statistics on how many men come out of a war with their faith in God blasted to bits, with their minds

Her Sorrows Are Searchlights

scarred and their souls embittered—sensitive men who are stunned and bewildered by close contact with the brutality of battle and the misery it inflicts upon the innocent. Yet every war numbers such broken spirits among its ruins. To such men especially, but also to all of us who are puzzled at times by the mystery of suffering, the Church's liturgy for September brings a pregnant message. It reminds us that the Queen of Heaven is a woman whose heart was pierced with seven swords of sorrow. Those swords are more than the tools used by God in achieving Mary's personal sanctification; they are like seven gigantic searchlights casting radiant beams on the world's areas of pain; and in the light leaping out from those swords of sorrow the meaning of suffering becomes less obscure and not nearly so dismal.

Some dour folk with joyless piety and self-righteous dogmatism have always given a very simple solution to the prevalence of suffering—it is a scourge in the hand of an angry God imposing a penalty for personal sin. But if suffering were solely a penalty for personal sin, why should she who was sinless suffer? Why should Mary live a life of rugged poverty? Why should she have to be a refugee, hiding in a foreign country to save her Child from the murderous hands of a vicious king? Why should an Immaculate Mother have to see her own Son mangled with whips, pierced with nails, and taunted with mockery as He agonized unto death?

But if suffering is not just a scourge laid on God's enemies, maybe it's a kind of railing He builds around His friends. Maybe it's a safety device which keeps a man from toppling into a pit of selfishness when he is meant to be walking majestically on a lofty plateau where self-control is every man's companion and the atmosphere is godliness. This is nearer to the answer, but still pitifully inadequate. For if suffering were just a railing, why should it be built around the spotless virgin? She had no evil desires; she was torn by no unruly passions; she had no unmanageable yearnings for wealth or pleasure or fame. Yet she endured more sorrow than the saddest mother in the most seemingly God-forsaken corner of devastated Europe today.

At the foot of the Cross, Mary reached the height of her sufferings. There she loved God with a love more Christlike than at any moment of her long life of unbroken love. On Calvary her pure soul, which from her conception was holier than any saint or angel ever became, was steeped deeper still in the redemptive charity of her crucified Son. As the sword-pierced woman on Golgotha she worked with Him for the salvation of mankind. Here the searchlights illumine the darkness.

So suffering is not just a railing; it is more like a hurdle which makes a Christian's love exert itself and thereby grow the stronger. That is why suffering sanctifies if met with true bravery. It calls forth the untried powers of charity; it makes love stretch its limbs to full-length exertion for God and His kingdom. And to what avail? Love in human hearts is more important than peace pacts or world assemblies; it is the energy which alone can renew the face of the earth.

A Pole Speaks His Mind

By ALEXANDER JANTA

We may smugly imagine that Polish anger is aimed solely at Russia. We are wrong. Poland has lost faith in the West; and the West has lost a friend



Polish Information Center

They're moving; heading west over the Curson line

I AM a Pole. I was an officer in the Polish Armored Division, which closed the gap at Falaise, and took part in the liberation of Belgium and Holland. I am one of those Poles who fought shoulder to shoulder with their Western allies. I spent two and a half years in a German prison camp. I risked my life in a successful escape in order that I might risk it again for our common victory.

I feel that I have earned the moral right to speak my mind to Americans and Britons, even if what I have to say is not pleasant. Though you seem to have forgotten we were all comrades-in-arms in a noble cause, my colleagues and I remember. We shall always remember.

By a fortunate accident, I am among those Poles who can still talk without inhibitions. My claim to a right to be heard is therefore backed up by a deep awareness of my duty to make you listen. I demand your attention as a debt of honor.

That noble cause in which we were joined was implicit in the kind of enemy we were fighting. But it was also made explicit: in the Atlantic Charter and other great allied declarations of future freedoms. We Poles naturally translated those flaming principles and promises into specific hopes. We accepted them literally, perhaps naïvely, as specific pledges of Polish independence, the in-

tegrity of our blood-soaked soil, a chance to build a free, democratic life patterned on our own dreams and capacities.

Those pledges have been broken, those hopes violated. A regime imposed from outside is enthroned in Warsaw. Nearly half of my country's territory and a large part of its population have been cut off without consulting the Polish people. The dream of democracy has turned into a mockery. An alien way of life has been riveted on the truncated body of Poland.

These are the facts. They cannot be quite smothered in diplomatic rhetoric and face-saving formulas. The most horrifying fact of all—the one that impels me to address you, my former comrades-in-arms—is that the tragedy has come to pass with the consent, with outright connivance, of Britain and the United States.

You can, I am sure, understand the indignation of a Pole as he surveys the wreckage of the cause in which we fought and bled side by side. But you assume, smugly, that our anger is directed entirely, or even mainly, against Soviet Russia. In this you are mistaken, deeply mistaken. And somehow your mistake seems to me to aggravate your fault.

After all, we could not and did not expect respect for our soil and our national aspirations from the Soviet Government. We shared none of your illu-

sions about that dictatorship. We had lived too close to its works to be taken in by its words. Moreover, we knew that the people of Russia, however they might feel, were helpless to curb or even influence their rulers.

No, our indignation is directed against the Western democracies on whose plighted word, on whose leadership and passionate reassurances, we staked our national soul. It is the indignation shot through with bewilderment—the kind one feels for his friends, not for enemies. We have been hurt, degraded, oppressed by the Russians. But we believe that we have been betrayed by the British and Americans—that, in your vivid English phrase, we have been “sold down the river” of power politics.

Nor can we absolve you, the individual citizen, from a share in the fearful blame. Unlike the Russians, you have the responsibility born of democratic advantages. Your silence on the enslavement of Poland—on the betrayal, therefore, of our common cause—is not enforced with bayonets and firing squads. You have a right to review the record, to protest, to insist on amends.

The Poles were the first to enter World War II. When Great Britain and France declared war on September 3, 1939, my country was already bomb-battered. For three days it had stood steadfastly alone against an enemy

whose fire power was seventy-two times greater than ours. With the news of the Anglo-French declaration, a wave of unbounded enthusiasm swept through the land. Spontaneous demonstrators in front of the French and British embassies in Warsaw shouted in ecstasy of fellow feeling.

"We are no longer alone!" people repeated. Little did they suspect the unpreparedness of the two nations, one of which claimed complete mastery of the seas while the other boasted the greatest army in the world. The Polish people took it for granted that military help would soon arrive to stem the tides of death pouring over their homes.

France was bound to Poland by an alliance that was supposed to work automatically in case of aggression. Great Britain had guaranteed the Polish borders two days after the pact between Hitler and Stalin shattered the last doubts as to the ultimate intentions of our powerful neighbors. We were reduced to the condition of a buffer nation—which, according to one famous definition is "a small state set up by bigger states as an artillery range."

It was without doubt precisely that British guarantee that stiffened the Polish will to resist. In the minds of the Polish people, always eager to defend a good cause, it sealed the decision to accept unconditional conflict, to reject contemptuously the proffered conditional surrender.

The Allies did nothing, presumably could do nothing, in September to relieve even for a moment the terrific pressure applied by Hitler to Poland.

The Soviet Union—bound to Poland by a nonaggression pact that still had six years to run—made quick use of its partnership with the Nazi invader. The Russian armed intervention on September 17 cut short Polish possibilities of resistance, enabling Hitler to turn that much sooner against the West. Nevertheless, Poland's lonely sacrifice gave nine invaluable months to France, well over a year to Great Britain.

Both the Battle of France and the Battle of Britain found a Polish Government supported by Polish armed forces defending first French soil, then British skies, as if they were their own. Poles were prominent among "the few to whom so many owed so much." This truth was acknowledged by all allied leaders, gratefully, without quibbling. The Poles, now thoroughly aware of the length and the bitterness of the struggle, both at home and abroad, did not once fail in all-out loyalty to the choice they had made. We were with the Western powers—for better or worse, for "life and death." Those were Churchill's words, addressed to General Sikorski when he came over with his government and his army, which included two thou-

sand trained fliers. Poland was the only active ally Britain had at that moment against the whole massed might of Germany and Italy.

The Germans meanwhile sought to convince the Poles that they were fighting in vain and only in the interests of a foreign power. They covered occupied Warsaw with posters picturing a wounded, haggard Polish soldier against the ruins of his home town, with the inscription: "England! This is your work!" The death sentence was announced for anyone damaging these posters. But the people of Warsaw tore them off, almost under the noses of the invaders. A teen-age girl was caught in the act—and shot. *The first casualty in the Polish underground thus died defending Great Britain's honor.* I recommend this fact to Britons proud of their sense of sportsmanship.

It was on the foundation of trust in Britain that an effective Polish Home Army was organized; that no quislings appeared; that our resistance grew and deepened. The Poles, true to their generous nature, staked all on one card, confident of winning.

From London the Home Army was organized against the background of a Polish Underground State, intimately linked with its exiled government. Polish intelligence service, one of the least known but most sensationally efficient organizations, made precious contributions to the allied cause; that is not my opinion but General Marshall's, as expressed to General Sikorski.

For two years military and political initiative was in the enemy's hands. By choosing to attack Soviet Russia, Hitler drove that country from benevolent neutrality into the camp of the allies, of whom Poland was the first and the most

cruelly punished. It was at this juncture that tens of thousands of Polish underground and overground fighters heard the most thrilling announcement of the war.

I refer, of course, to the Atlantic Charter, bearing the signatures of two great men whom the Poles were ready to follow blindly, Roosevelt and Churchill. It came to us as an unequivocal confirmation of the principles for which we had at that time shed more blood than all the allied nations combined.

On September 24, 1941, full adherence to the Atlantic Charter was pledged in London by the Government of Poland and by Ivan M. Maisky for the Soviet Union. The slogan advanced by General Sikorski—"let bygones be bygones"—which had already taken substance in an agreement with Russia, seemed justified. At the second meeting of the inter-allied Conference, Maisky declared:

"The Soviet Union, which defends the right to establish its own social order and its own government, has consistently and with full force denounced all violations of the sovereign rights of peoples, all aggressions and aggressors, any and all attempts of aggressive nations to impose their will on other peoples and to involve them in war."

The deeds that followed—like the deed which had preceded—were in stark contradiction to these words.

The drama of Polish-Russian relations is too well known to require reiteration here. It became obvious that Russia was determined to turn Poland—for a thousand years the easternmost bulwark of Western civilization—toward Moscow, even if the Polish backbone had to be broken in the process.

The more apparent this intention became, the more fervently Polish hopes



Kosciuszko squadron celebrates a victory. Polish airmen fought effectively

were turned to the West. I know, because we talked of these things in our barracks, in the foul Nazi prison camps, on battlefields. "With leaders like Roosevelt and Churchill we cannot be let down," we assured one another.

Preparations for the Home Army's ultimate tasks continued. The home country gave endless proofs of implicit and unabridged faith in its London Government, even after the Russians had broken relations and begun to fashion a regime of their own Polish "patriots" of Comintern lineage. Poles continued to die for the common cause, inside their country and outside, scarcely conscious that conniving politicians had almost forgotten the nature of that cause.

When Churchill, in the spring of 1944, to appease Stalin, proclaimed the so-called Curzon Line a just frontier between Poland and Russia, veteran Polish airmen, the surviving participants of the Battle of Britain, decided as a body to protest by handing back the decorations won in defending London. They were dissuaded with great difficulty.

The Poles held on tight to their illusions. They simply could not accept the thought that they who had taken the first blows of the war might be discarded and treated like a conquered enemy nation. Once the war was over, we told ourselves, our sacrifices would be remembered; the Atlantic Charter and the lofty promises of the war would not be forgotten. We shouted down our doubts.

Churchill himself undertook to knock the props from under these illusions. Perhaps the vigor of his behavior will provide historians with a clue to his bad conscience. The Polish problem was developing into a test case of the genuineness of democratic professions and idealistic pledges. It had to be removed to make way for power deals. Mr. Churchill took the scabrous job on himself.

This was in the summer of 1944, in Moscow. After preliminary conferences with Stalin, he summoned Mikolajczyk, then Polish Prime Minister in London. "This must be settled here and now!" Churchill exclaimed, demanding that the Polish leader agree to the Polish partition and the other humiliating terms which were subsequently nailed down in Yalta without consulting the Poles. Mikolajczyk, of course, refused.

According to eyewitnesses, whose accounts are supported by the transcript which I have read, the scene was a duplicate of the one in which Hitler had hurled his ultimatum at Schuschnigg, prior to the occupation of Austria. The Polish Premier answered the shouted threats and insults of the British Premier calmly, sadly. He explained that he had no power to barter the



rights of his country. "I am not going to sign a death verdict on myself," he said. "I can only protest," were his last words.

The attempt to strangle Poland with Polish hands thus failed. The strangulation was carried through subsequently at Yalta. For its consistent faith and incalculable sacrifices, Poland was paid off by being consigned to a totalitarian orbit; the centuries in which it had struggled to defend Western civilization, to make itself part of that civilization, were canceled out. Poland's territory was slashed, its sovereignty insulted, its self-respect trodden under foot. Those Nazi posters which Poles had died to destroy were given a semblance of veracity by the very leaders who had drafted the Atlantic Charter.

Now, perhaps, you begin to understand why Poles can be far more bitter, more heartsick, about Britain and America than about Russia.

The crime of Yalta was followed by a series of shocking compromises with principle that put out every last flicker of Polish trust in the Western allies. Sixteen heroic leaders of the Polish Underground were kidnapped by Russia with unwitting Anglo-American help. For a brief moment the democratic conscience seemed touched; there was a flare-up of the old light. Then another compromise was worked out, this time by Harry Hopkins, and darkness prevailed; the sixteen—and through them the whole of the Underground, the whole of the Polish people—were abandoned to the untender mercies of the Kremlin.

Yalta's promised "broadening" of the Moscow-made Committee of Polish Patriots, later converted into the interim Lublin government, turned into low farce. The hand-tooled committee, regarded by the majority of Polish people as agents of a foreign power, was installed as the ruling regime. The aims of Moscow were quite clear. Here, as in the Baltic nations previously, a controlled government would serve as prelude to Poland's ultimate absorption into the Soviet Union. Neither Stalin's methods nor purposes surprised us who

Going Too Far

► A couple of fourth-graders were discussing an attractive new member of the class.

"I've bought sodas for her twice," said one, "and I've carried her books home three times. Do you think I ought to kiss her?"

"I should say not," replied his companion. "I think you've done enough for that girl already!"

have lived so close to his dictatorship.

What did surprise us and shock us was the ease and speed with which our Western allies, who had solemnly pledged to defend human freedom even in former enemy countries, recognized Russia's instrument of expansion in Poland. Here was expediency reduced to its lowest, most cynical level.

For those who believed in democracy, who had looked upon Britain and America as defenders of ideals of freedom, the ugly business was not only a political tragedy but a spiritual disaster. Those of us who considered ourselves Westerners, champions of the principles embodied in the American and British systems, felt ourselves intellectually orphaned. We could only stare in disbelief while the democratic West, like Pilate, attempted to wash its hands of the affair.

Let me say it bluntly, for there is no polite way of staying it. The Western democracies cannot shift the blame to Russia. The great words with which we were fooled were British and American words. True, it is not the first time in history that selfish-minded Westerners played a trick on the Poles. But I doubt whether many Poles will ever again be caught quite so easily. The demonstration that only might makes right has been impressed on the Poles as never before. That is your achievement, gentlemen of the West. I for one shall not be surprised if in any future conflict between West and East, the bulk of the Polish nation sides with Russia and serves as a spearhead of Russian advance, a fanatic and passionate instrument of history's vengeance for a cold, calculating sellout.

I shan't like it, because I am of the West, body and soul. But I shall understand it. Nor will you, now so ready to forget, so eager to close the account and go to bed, be able to blame a deeply frustrated people if they shut their eyes and their hearts when another choice must be made. Especially if Russia should prove more reasonable, less brutal, more understanding and generous, not to say intelligent, than expected.



The next battle for seats on Capitol Hill will be a major engagement International

If precedents are reliable, whichever party controls the House in November will win the 1948 election

By JOHN C. O'BRIEN

MIDWAY in every presidential term the American voter is given an opportunity to pass judgment on the party in power in the form of a vote for or against his Congressman. Such a judgment will be recorded next November, and both the major parties await the verdict with more than ordinary interest. For it is almost axiomatic that as the mid-term election goes so goes the presidential election two years later.

No one, of course, has a bigger stake in the forthcoming election than President Truman, and that is why he plans to take the stump, if necessary, to prevent defeat for his party. As an experienced politician he knows that the vote in the congressional election will be, in effect, a referendum on his policies and his record since he took office in April 1945.

At this writing the Democrats are

comfortably in the saddle in both Houses of Congress. To win control of the Senate the Republicans must hold the twelve Republican seats and capture nine of the twenty-three Democratic seats that are at stake in the November election. To win the House the Republicans must hold the seats they have and wrest twenty-six seats from the Democrats. Such a turnover would give the present minority party a bare majority. To obtain a working majority they would have to do considerably better.

Without the slightest urging, the forecasters of the Republican campaign committees will take pencil and paper in hand and prove "conclusively" that their party will win control of the House in a "walkaway" and that they stand better than an outside chance of organizing the Senate. No less positively, opposite numbers serving the Democratic campaign committees will tell you

Who Will

the Republicans haven't a chance of overturning the Senate or winning enough seats to capture control of the House. Some of Democratic handicappers add, "We may even pick up a few seats in the House."

With enviable optimism the Republican campaign managers list every congressional district in which a Republican received from 40 to 49.9 per cent of the vote in 1944 as a possible gain. Of these there are eighty-three. As the Republican hopefuls see it, to pick up twenty-six seats will be child's play. Actually they hope to win thirty-five or forty.

On the Senate side, the Republicans profess to see a chance of victory in every state, outside the South, in which a Senate seat is to be filled in November. Of these there are thirty-six.

Democratic prognosticators regard this Republican estimate as a dream, pleasant no doubt to the Republican dreamers, but bearing as little resemblance to reality as most fancies. A glaring flaw, according to the Democrats, is that the Republican form sheet overlooks the fact that many Republicans as well as many Democrats won in 1944 by the skin of their teeth. For forty-two Democrats who carried their congressional districts two years ago by majorities of 12,000 or less, there were fifty-one Republican victors whose margins were similarly slight. And although for two Republicans who ran in state-wide elections and won by less than 10 per cent of the total vote, there were three Democrats whose margin of victory was no larger, still, the Democratic strategists argue, you can't talk about close districts as though they were a one-way street. The Democrats stand as good a chance of picking up narrowly won Republican districts as the Republicans have of picking up narrowly won Democratic districts.

In the past twelve years the Democrats have owed their success to a combination of voting blocs consisting of the Southern Democrats, organized labor, left-wingers, and Negroes. These groups are found mostly in the Solid South, the border states, and the big industrial centers of the North. In the first two terms of the late President Roosevelt, the Democrats also commanded strong support in many traditionally Republican agricultural districts.

Control the Next Congress?

Leaving aside the agricultural districts, which in recent elections have fallen back into the Republican column, and barring a revolt of the mainstay Democratic groups, the Democrats count 201 of the 218 seats necessary for continued control of the House as "in the bag."

Ninety-five of these seats are in the Solid South—Alabama 9, Arkansas 7, Florida 6, Georgia 10, Louisiana 8, Mississippi 7, North Carolina 12, South Carolina 6, Texas 21, and Virginia 9.

Another 9 lie in states outside the South which have been strongly Democratic in the past—Arizona 2, Nevada 1, New Mexico 2, Rhode Island 2, and Utah 2.

Twenty-two are contained within the so-called border states—Kentucky 8, Oklahoma 6, and Tennessee 8.

Sixty seats lie within the big cities—New York 20, Chicago 9, Philadelphia 6, Detroit 5, Los Angeles 8, Cleveland 2, Baltimore 4, St. Louis 2, Boston 2, Pittsburgh 2.

In smaller industrial centers scattered through ten states lie fifteen other strongly Democratic districts—Indiana 2, Massachusetts 3, Mississippi 1, Montana 1, New Jersey 2, New York 2, Ohio 1, Washington 1, West Virginia 1, Wisconsin 1.

Few of the twenty-three Democratic seats in the Senate to be contested in the November election, except those in the Southern and border states, are listed in the Democratic "sure thing" column, for the reason that Senators are elected by a state-wide vote. A Democratic candidate for the Senate may win the usual Democratic majorities in the cities and, failing in the rural areas, lose his state.

But the Democrats, nevertheless, are confident of holding enough of the twenty-three seats to retain control of the Senate.

Democratic hopes are based on the assumption that there will be no substantial defection of the groups from whom their support has come in the past. Is this assumption justified?

Nothing has happened in the recent primary elections to lead even the most optimistic Republican to believe that the Solid South will renounce its traditional loyalty. In the primaries the South ran pretty true to form. The question is, therefore, will organized labor, the left-wingers, and the Negroes

adhere to their voting habits of the last few elections.

Among all these groups there have been surface signs of intense dissatisfaction with President Truman and a great many Democratic members of Congress. Labor is up in arms over the rising cost of living, the emasculation of price control, and the passage of restrictive labor legislation. In assessing the blame for these policies labor has not been notably discriminating. Even though the President—if his request for labor conscription during the emergency is left out of the reckoning—has sided generally with labor, he has not escaped the wrath of the workers.

Several labor groups, which supported the New Deal under the late President Roosevelt, have publicly censured him. A. F. Whitney, President of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, threatened to use union funds to defeat the President should he be a candidate in 1948. Daniel J. Tobin, head of the Brotherhood of Teamsters, largest of the AFL unions, declared that labor had lost confidence in the President and his party and predicted their defeat if they did not mend their ways. James G. Patton, President of the National Farmers' Union, which numbers in its membership four million small farmers, personally read the President a lecture at the White House.

The left-wing groups have accused the President of selling the New Deal down the river. And the Negroes, alarmed over the victories of white-supremacy champions Senator Theodore G. Bilbo, in Mississippi, and former Governor Eugene Talmadge, in Georgia, are mistrustful.

Moreover, spokesmen for the Political Action Committee, the well-disciplined political arm of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, have clearly indicated that CIO unionists stand ready to cross party lines. PAC has made the vote on the two Office of Price Control extension bills the test by which candidates for Congress are to be judged at the polls. The CIO has instructed its rank and file to vote against every Congressman who voted "wrong" on OPA, the Case labor bill, and other CIO-sponsored measures.

All this adds up to thunder on the left. It may mean that lightning will strike in the fall. The voters may be getting ready to throw out a lot of "rascals," but oddly enough no portent of a big turnover may be found in the recent primary elections.

The primary results, moreover, have established no clear pattern, no dominant issues. An effort was made to discern a revolt against isolationism in some of the Midwest primaries. But the results do not bear out such a conclu-



Winners in the primaries: white-supremacy advocates Talmadge and Bilbo. Their anti-Negro prejudice may lose the colored vote for the President



Hugh Butler, isolationist who won

sion. Senator Hugh A. Butler, an isolationist, won renomination in Nebraska. Senator Burton K. Wheeler, an isolationist, running with the blessing of the President, lost in Montana. Senator Henrik Shipstead, an isolationist, lost in Minnesota. Senator William Langer, an isolationist, won renomination in North Dakota, and former Senator Gerald P. Nye, an isolationist, attempting a comeback, was rejected by the voters of the same state.

In the foregoing contests an effort was made to make isolationism an issue, but in almost every instance victory was on the side of the most efficient political machine. Where issues did play a part, they appear to have been local issues.

It might have been thought, too, that the primaries would furnish a clue to the efficiency of the CIO-PAC, the best-organized voting group aside from the two major party machines. But they did not.

In the South where organized labor is weak and the CIO disliked and mistrusted, the PAC appears not to have cut much of a figure. In Tennessee the CIO-PAC-backed candidate was snowed under by the veteran Senator Kenneth McKellar. In Georgia and Mississippi it probably reduced the vote of Talmadge and Bilbo but not sufficiently to defeat them. In the Texas gubernatorial election CIO-PAC supported Homer P. Rainey, but his opponent Beauford Fester ran up a lead that betokens victory for him in the run-off. In Alabama the winner in the Democratic senatorial race, Representative John J. Sparkman, had CIO-PAC support, but he got his biggest vote in the rural sections of the state. In California Robert Kenny, the Democratic candidate for Governor, the PAC's choice, was swamped by Republican Governor Earl Warren.

The PAC tried to make capital of the defeat of Senator Wheeler in Montana, but it was the desertion of the farmers that cost him renomination. And even with labor opposition, Wheeler ran only 6,000 votes behind in an election in which 90,000 votes were cast.

On the basis of the primary results it can only be concluded that the Democratic prognosticators who predict few changes in the next Congress appear to have the best of the argument. It does not seem likely that the composition of the House and the Senate will differ greatly from their predecessors, either from the angle of political affiliation or viewpoint. Neither may we look for the alignment as between liberals and conservatives to be greatly altered.

That is not to say, of course, that no seats will change hands. In 16 of the 22 mid-term elections in the last ninety years the party in power has lost strength in the Senate. Of the 23 Democratic Senate seats to be filled in November, 8 are in areas where the Republicans have little chance—Arizona, Alabama, Mississippi, Nevada, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia (2 seats). For 6 of these the incumbents have won renomination, the equivalent of election. In Alabama Representative Sparkman won the senatorial primary and faces not even a run-off.

Thus the field in which the Republicans must battle for the 9 seats they need to win control of the upper branch is narrowed down to 15 states—Delaware, Idaho, Maryland, Massachusetts, Montana, New Mexico, New York, Connecticut, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Utah, Washington, West Virginia, and Wyoming. In 7 of these states the incumbent Senators whose terms expire in January 1947, won their last elections by 51 per cent or less of the vote.

IN Maryland, in 1940, Senator George Radcliffe won by 61 per cent, a wide margin, but he lost renomination to Governor Herbert R. O'Connor in the recent primary, and the Republicans are praying that the rift in the Democratic ranks will not be closed by election day.

Senator David I. Walsh, a Senate fixture, received 56 per cent of the vote in 1940, in Massachusetts, but since then the state has elected Leverett Saltonstall, a Republican, and in November Walsh will be opposed by Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., a formidable challenger.

Missouri, the President's home state, which, according to reports, is wavering in its allegiance to his party, elected a Republican, Forrest C. Donnell, in 1944 by a shade more than 50 per cent of the vote. This year the Republicans feel confident that they stand a good chance of defeating Senator Frank P. Briggs, who succeeded to Mr. Truman's seat by



Burt Wheeler, isolationist who lost

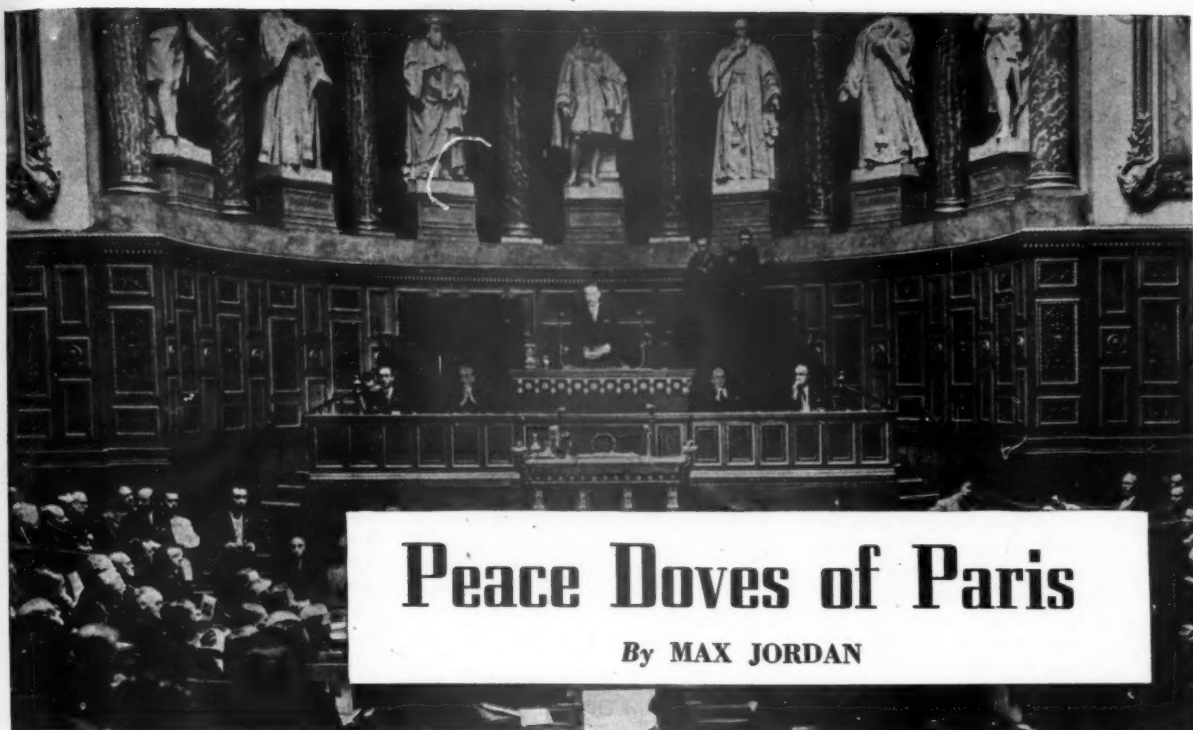
appointment of the Missouri governor.

Senator James E. Murray, Democrat, of Montana, and Senator Robert A. Taft, Republican, of Ohio, won their last elections by slightly more than 50 per cent of the vote. In November the winner of the bitter Erickson-Wheeler primary fight will have a badly split party behind him, a fact which the Republicans regard with hopeful glee. Wheeler, who still has a big following, has not yet said he would support the primary victor. And in Ohio former Governor John W. Bricker, his party's vice presidential candidate in 1944, is opposing Democratic Senator James Huffman, whom the CIO-PAC fought in the primary.

In Pennsylvania, the Republicans, who lost the 1944 senatorial race by a very narrow margin, are counting on Governor Edward Martin, a stout campaigner, to beat Democratic Senator Joseph F. Guffey.

West Virginia, after returning Senator Harley Kilgore, Democrat, in 1941 by 51 per cent of the vote, elected Chapman Revercomb, a Republican, in 1942 by 55 per cent of the vote, and two years later elected a Democratic governor. In view of this switching back and forth, both parties regard the state as doubtful territory.

As we have already pointed out, the Democrats are relying on the South, the border states, and the industrial centers to sustain their control of the House. The Democrats know they have lost the farm vote, but only four of their seats in the present House lie in the agricultural areas. If they hold labor they appear to have good reason to be confident. Labor has many grievances against the Democratic party, but when the chips are down labor usually prefers a Democrat to a Republican.



Peace Doves of Paris

By MAX JORDAN

International

MARIA de MEDICI'S sitting room in the Luxembourg Palace she built three hundred and fifty years ago has become the information center of the Conference of Paris. Not even officially is this new areopagus of nations called the conference of peace, even though white doves bearing olive branches were selected as symbols on the emerald buttons we all, delegates and correspondents alike, have to wear on our lapels to get by the uniformed guards. On the opening day, the door leading from the information room directly to the inner sanctum of the old Senate chamber where the plenary sessions are held remained impenetrable for the press, but the bars were removed when the committee on rules and procedures started holding its public meetings in the adjoining "Hall of Lost Steps"—an ominous name indeed for the place where the Big Four had deliberated for many a week.

I went to the information room that first day to inquire about religious services.

"What kind of you mean?" asked the French official at the desk.

"Well," I said, "there are various creeds represented at this conference. They might all have services on this important occasion."

"It hadn't occurred to me," replied the official with a detached look. "However, I'll be glad to find out for you and will let you know."

The results of his inquiries turned

out to be negative. God was not invited. Man was to do the job all by himself. But man was none too confident about the prospects. Those who felt that religion should not interfere with diplomacy were at least in a mood of conceding that diplomacy could not do entirely without idealistic motivations, that the spiritual element had to be used for front-dressing purposes if for nothing else. It seemed awkward to them, and a wee bit embarrassing, that this time there was not even a pretense of idealism. There was no Woodrow Wilson proclaiming a new covenant for all men of good will, and the "Big Four" preferred not to be reminded of pledges such as the Atlantic Charter. These doves of Paris seemed to have their wings clipped all right, and significantly, their olive branches were carrying but four leaves as though no other views but those of the "Big Four" should be given consideration.

I wandered about the spacious lobbies, the gilded halls, the luxurious gardens of Luxembourg Palace to gather the atmosphere of the historic scene. Here the French Revolution had maintained one of its gruesome headquar-

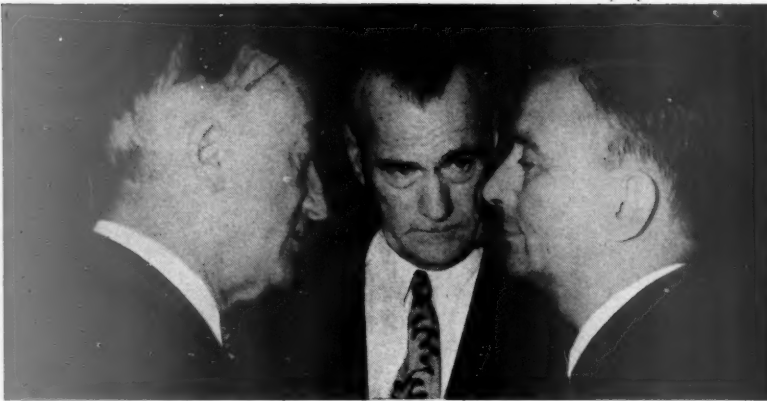
Observations made at the twenty-one nation conference seeking a durable, just, and honorable peace

Premier-President Georges Bidault of France opening Paris Conference

ters. Here Thomas Paine had spoken to the populace. Napoleon had once ascended this broad staircase. But there were remnants, too, of the religious traditions of France, wall paintings depicting the lives of saints, an allegoric fresco in the "Hall of Lost Steps" with the Christian Cross as its centerpiece, and the huge marble statue of St. Louis of France in the rear of the very presidential chair where Premier Georges Bidault of France, a Catholic, addressed the delegates at its inaugural session.

Why was it that these vital associations of the past seemed to remain unnoticed? Not even the palace attendants were aware of them. None of these attendants was in a position to help when I inquired about the history or significance of the paintings and statues, and the delegates appeared unmindful of the intimations surrounding them which might well have conveyed impulses beyond the ephemeral wrangling of political expediency. In one Paris newspaper only was there a reference to the higher purposes at stake in this conference. The Catholic *La Croix* spoke of it editorially when it pointed out that "an eminently Christian inspiration" is the greatest need of the hour, and that for this reason the conference should be the object of our prayers.

No doubt, to the faithful this is the transcendental, the essential aspect to



Secretary Byrnes and U. S. Ambassador Jefferson Caffery (center) with Bidault

be considered in relation to the conference, and they are pained to find it neglected. Yet, who would know of the emotions and spiritual intentions in the hearts and souls of the three thousand delegates, secretaries, newspaper and movie men, radio commentators, and sundry observers who make up the crowds in the halls of this building which now has become the hub of a world desperately yearning for peace? If this conference and its preliminaries demonstrate anything at all, it is the impotence of man.

While Georges Bidault spoke—and his were noble sentiments nobly expressed—I could not help remembering the Genoa conference in 1920 when a great leader of those days expressed himself in a similar vein. He was Walter Rathenau, then Foreign Minister of a democratic Germany. In addressing the assembly of statesmen he pleaded for a broad perspective in considering the problems of the peace, and he concluded with the imploring words: Peace, Peace, Peace! He met with but a modest echo and soon thereafter fell victim to a Nazi assassin's bullet on the streets of Berlin. The fanatics, the hate-mongers, the apostles of violence gained the upper hand from then on because men of good will had not united in an articulate determination to make real peace.

The pessimists say that history always repeats itself. Once again they take defeat for granted because the human race never appears to learn the lessons of the past. The peace doves of Paris are pretty timid little birds, and how far can they venture forth in a world adjusting itself to atom-bomb standards? The very modalities of this conference are not apt to inspire confidence. Just take the language problem. In times past, French was the accepted language of diplomacy. Government leaders everywhere had at least a fair command of it. If not of French, then at least of English. By using either of them you could get along at any international conference and dispense with interpreters. This time,

East and West are to meet in terms of agreement, but they don't even have a common language.

I spoke to Molotov the other day and suggested that his government's point of view might be presented directly to the American public, if only he addressed it in English.

"I am sorry," he replied. "I don't speak English."

He doesn't speak French either. And none of the other chief delegates speaks Russian. There is a wide gap of non-understanding which easily leads to misunderstanding and then to distrust and fear—the most bitter of all the enemies of peace.

Peacemaking is arduous that way. With three languages accepted officially, every speech and every single remark, no matter how brief, have to be translated and retranslated, which consumes time and—patience. And how often are translations faulty, how often do they fail to render the exact meaning of a speaker! Despite radio and all the other means of fast communication, the Tower of Babel is still with us.

Perhaps Secretary of State James F. Byrnes was the one delegate who came nearest to stating the issues before the conference in a spirit motivated by similar considerations when he spoke of the peace aims of the United States in his opening address. "We want to plant the seeds of future peace and not the seeds of future war," he said. "We do not want a peace of vengeance." President Roosevelt had been more specific in his letter to the Catholic Hierarchy of America when he pledged himself to "a peace in which the spirit of Christ will reign." However, the meaning of his words and those of Secretary Byrnes is identical, and it looks as though American peace policy, having faced a good many pitfalls since the armistice, were now headed in the right direction.

Will it prevail against the idiosyncrasies of other delegations? Will it find sufficient support to gain momentum?

Some have said that this conference is not intended to be anything but a rubber stamp for the decisions previously taken by the "Big Four," but the very first week of its deliberations showed clearly that by no means all the seventeen "small" powers are satisfied with such a role. Australia and Holland have been outspoken in condemning what they term a monopoly of the major powers to the detriment of the small ones. Others will join these two as the conference moves along, and there can be no doubt that public opinion the world over will assert itself if the issues are clearly stated so as to render it possible for the advocates of common sense to make their voices heard.

The vanquished know all too well that losing the first round doesn't mean losing the whole battle. They will at least have their say, and also will have their friends in court, but it will be an uphill fight, for the treaty drafts submitted for the consideration of the conference, with recommendations that almost amount to a take-it-or-leave-it, are everything but encouraging to those who believe in a peace of justice. *Opus justitiae pax*, peace is the work of justice. The treaty drafts embody too many palpable injustices to be valued as more than bases of discussion. Were the vanquished to accept them under duress, they would result in renewed chaos throughout Europe rather than in healing the wounds of the war. Because almost everybody in Paris at least tacitly agrees to this view, even though attempting to justify the position of the "Big Four," there remains the hope that the conference will ultimately not fall entirely short of its task.

I could not help thinking of Woodrow Wilson's formula of open covenants openly arrived at, when I attended the first meeting of the committee on rules and procedures in the "Hall of Lost Steps." There, indeed, was world democracy in action. Around a wide, circular table sat the delegates of twenty-one nations, with a limelight of publicity thrown on them such as no peace meeting has ever experienced in human history. Some eight hundred reporters from the four corners of the globe could keep track of every word spoken. Photographers and moviemen were free to take their "shots" all through the session, whenever and wherever it pleased them. And if any of us unofficial observers had special questions on our minds, we experienced no difficulty in buttonholing individual delegates, sending word to them through an attendant and suggesting that he step out for a moment into the adjacent bar where problems could be thrashed out frankly and informally.

There seemed to be no prejudice either with regard to the "satellite" na-



Press Association
Under the proposed treaties Italy loses several areas to France (1), and Yugoslavia (2), and the free territory of Trieste (3). Fortifications in Sardinia (4) and Sicily (5) would be restricted and forbidden in Pantelleria (6), the Pelagian Islands (7), or Pianosa (8). Yugoslavia gets Zara (9). Rumania regains Transylvania, but loses Bessarabia, Northern Bukovina, and Southern Dobruja

tions having their day in court, even before they were invited to delegate official spokesmen to the conference. The press carried statements of their Paris representatives whose voices were also heard over the air. Under these circumstances secret diplomacy had not much of a chance. The weight of public opinion could assert itself as long as the proceedings were not held behind closed doors. No matter what "plots" might have been hatched, they could be torn apart in these public sessions.

As the conference goes on we will see how much of this optimism is justified. If all higher moral principles continue to be relegated into the background, to make room for the petty schemes of power politics, peacemaking is bound to remain a laborious undertaking and one that holds little promise for those who share Secretary Byrnes' conviction that "we must trust to the healing processes of peace and pray that God in His mercy will give peace to the world." For, in the last resort, there won't be peace between victors and vanquished as long as there is not peace among the victors themselves. As far as Europe is concerned, that means peace between East and West, between Russia and her satellites on the one hand, and the Western Powers—France, Great Britain, and her Dominions, and the United States—on the other.

There is no use concealing that the treaty drafts for Bulgaria, Finland, Hungary, and Rumania mean little as long as their enforcement is left to the good pleasure of Moscow, as long as the Western Allies remain virtually excluded from all the territories behind the "Iron Curtain." Italy, too, cannot even begin to think of recovery as long as she remains a pawn in the hands of the greater powers. And Europe as a whole knows all too well that peace must remain a chimera as long as the festering sores of Austria and Germany are not healed.

The "Big Four" have wrangled for a good many weeks over side issues in order to conceal the real issues which they dare not call by name. They have attempted to escape responsibility for the peace by applying palliatives where radical operations are required. Patching up territorial differences, or blatantly disregarding palpable injustices, they have lost sight entirely of the ultimate goal of that total peace which was to follow the total war, the goal of a peace based on true justice and—to quote Mr. Byrnes once more—"charity and mercy." In other words, they have as it were, betrayed their souls to gain the treasures of this world.

It almost sounds commonplace to repeat what has been said so often, and yet it must be stressed over and over

again, that balances of power always turn out to be frail instruments of peace. No Moscow-Berlin axis, no Western European bloc can replace that give-and-take, based not on flimsy compromise but on a sincere desire to apply the Golden Rule, which in practice would mean a European Federation, a United States of Europe in the tradition of the Holy Roman Empire. In 1815, at the Conference of Vienna, statesmen truly deserving this title, pointed the way in making a peace that lasted a century because it was inspired by Christian ideals.

This time, no doubt, the task is much more difficult. Never was a war fought as bitterly as the last one, and it was fought by a humanity spiritually derelict, by modern man enchanted by his own power and no longer mindful of his limitations as a mere creature. Today the world is permeated by a nihilistic atmosphere which is the ultimate result of a long evolution going back to the day when Christianity lost its unity and thus opened the gates to materialistic ideologies depriving man of his highest dignity. Faith has been replaced by cynicism, charity by a struggle for the survival of those who consider themselves the fittest by mere standards of physical supremacy. The little white doves of Paris have a hard time to survive in so cruel a world.

The Angela House

BY CHARLES CARVER

Illustrated by DOM LUPO

OLLIE shifted impatiently on his drafting stool and glanced over an acre of hunched shoulders and busy pens to the clock by the elevator. It had been eight long days now since he had sent for the book. Today it was bound to come.

F-R-O-N-T E-L-E-V-A-T-I-O-N. His printing was careful and precise, but there was a faint suggestion of a flourish here and there. Of course with Breckenridge and Company, Architects, a flourish in the lettering was close to sacrilege. As Foster Breckenridge himself often said: "Our buildings are like pyramids—simple, solid, and enduring. We build for tomorrow."

In Ollie's favorite daydream he strode into the boss's office and pounded the broad desk. "That's where you and I disagree, F. B. You're absolutely wrong. What people want are houses for today," Ollie watched himself, a spruce self-confident figure, drive home point after point with convincing directness.

The mail clerk, unaware of his intrusion, nudged Ollie's ribs. "One for you," he said, and deposited a small package by the ink bottle. Ollie stuffed the parcel in his pocket quickly.

Like many men caught in the middle by life, Ollie made up for his humdrum routine by fashioning a private world of his own. But unlike many, Ollie was not content to let his dream run parallel to life indefinitely. He had plans, and the handwriting book was part of them.

He had seen the ad in the back of a trade magazine:

"Analyze acquaintances and strangers with ease. Know your correspondent for what he is. Male or female cannot hide their secret natures from your Deft-trained eye."

An ordinary enough advertisement to most, but Ollie had imagination. If, he mused, you can tell so much about a person from his handwriting, what would happen if someone put all the best characteristics together and learned to write that way? Was it not barely possible that constant use of the script of the bold man and the daring man would somehow transfer some of its power through the fingers, up the arm, and to the whole personality of the originator?

Aflame with the idea, Ollie promptly mailed a check for \$2.49.

That afternoon he was so elated that he almost spoke to Angela, the brunette at the candy booth in the lobby of the Breckenridge Building. Angela's charms were such that she was rarely without company at her stand, and while she was gay and conversational during business hours, her suitors might have been ghosts for all the attention she paid them at other times.

Ollie's relationship with Angela, however, was unencumbered by witticism and repartee. He had never formally invited her, yet in his reveries she often accompanied him to the St. Regis or the Stork Club. For generally, after he had pounded F.B.'s desk and received the invitation to visit at F.B.'s home, Ollie went out and celebrated with Angela. He gowned her secretly in satin and lace which clung to her trim figure as he led her whirling about the polished dance floor. Sometimes Ollie thought Angela knew by the way she smiled.

From the first night when he excitedly tore off the wrapping, the book fulfilled Ollie's wildest hopes. There it was, in authoritative black and white, just what strokes were native to the dominant type, and just how the popular, reckless type crossed a 't' and dotted an 'i'. It was ridiculously easy to imitate, too, and hour after hour Ollie's obsession poured out a mounting stack of dominant, dashing longhand copies of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

A subtle change gradually possessed Ollie. Bit by bit the flourishes and swift curls of his new penmanship released strange bold spirits from their stockade of careful verticals and precise circles. They raced up his arms and into his heart. Perhaps this was why he found himself about to do an unthinkable thing.

For months at Breckenridge and Com-

Ollie lived in a dream world that became real in an unexpected way

pany the talk had been on but one subject: old F.B.'s contest for the House of Tomorrow. To the winner would go nation-wide fame, backed by all the lush advertising the company could buy, which was considerable, plus the more tangible reward of finding favor with the old man himself. The company planned to construct a sample house, using the winning design, which would both show that Breckenridge and Company were expanding into home design and were also aware of an eager waiting public.

No expense had been spared on promotion, as the big white pages with "Reserved for you—by Breckenridge Homes" indicated in the national magazines. Top architects of the firm grew irritable and developed dark circles, and the minor draftsmen dreamed dreams, for it was strictly an open race.

In his dreams, Ollie had a house. When the monotony of lettering grew almost intolerable, he took Angela there for cocktails before they went dancing. Once he had actually drawn the plan on paper, beginning with the low settee before the fireplace and following through, room by room, until the whole house was spread before him.

It was a simple house, one and a half stories, and Ollie called it Angela Style. The tumbling, shingle roof with its English gables reminded him of her hair, and the wide first-floor windows facing the sun represented to him the glow in her eyes. It had been designed with economy. There were no bathroom mazes with seven or eight compartments, and the kitchen was strictly for cooking. In his house Ollie could imagine Angela setting the breakfast table, not frantically pushing button after button.

As the contest deadline grew closer, the strange spirits bothered Ollie. One night after he had concentrated particularly hard on the writing, he found himself thinking boldly of the contest. Not that he could design the House of Tomorrow or anything like that, but—the competition was open, and maybe just for the heck of it. . . . He looked down and caught his hand idly writing his name. Above it he had printed "Breckenridge House of Tomorrow, designed by." He wrote it again. Yes, that was it; that was what the spirits were after. There was absolutely no escape.

He unrolled the Angela house and spread it on the floor. Alas, it was not tomorrow's house! Hardly a touch of plastic adorned its simplicity. The walls were of wood, not glass brick. There was no game room or bar with red leather cushions. This, he thought, is pretty sad shakes as a house of tomorrow. Besides, Angela just wouldn't fit into one of those artificial monuments.

All the suppressed flourishes whirled in his head rebelliously. "Who wants

the house of tomorrow?" he asked, half aloud. "No one at all. Even if they did, it wouldn't be tomorrow for a long time."

It was about then that Ollie's dream and Ollie's life met and shook hands. Without a show of emotion—so simple at heart are great deeds—he took pen in hand and wrote a letter which would have made Professor Deft himself green with envy at its rapid confidence of line. It was to Mr. Breckenridge and concluded: "Therefore I am submitting the Angela House. It is for the man who wants an attractive, low-cost dwelling *now*. The public is tired of tomorrow. . . ."

Swiftly he wrote on the back of his design "Angela House—a plan for now. O. Benning."

The contest ended Tuesday. Nothing happened. Wednesday passed. Nothing happened. But Thursday morning, at ten twenty-two, F. B. and Mr. Turner, the senior vice-president, stood looking in bewilderment over the fifth floor of their establishment.

Ollie was far away. He had just finished repairing a squeaky door on the garage, and Angela was there. "I've made you some coffee," she said, in a voice like heaven itself. She bent down to kiss him, smelling like gardenias.

Mr. Turner touched his shoulder. "Benning," he said, "Mr. Breckenridge would like to see you." His well-tailored shoulders turned and led the way.

F. B. was alone. The magnificent office was a litter of drawings, and before him on the tremendous desk lay the Angela House, held down at the corners with carved bronzes.

Ollie's mind raced. He only knows me from what I have written, he thought. To him I am a man of force, dominance, dash, and—he frantically recalled the Deft classifications—and directness. He approached the desk firmly, this thought steadying his shaking knees.

"Mr. Breckenridge," he said, "I see my design has surprised you. Frankly, it seemed to me the best way to tell you that the house of today is what we need here. People are tired of tomorrow." With an effort he kept his voice casual.

"I wasn't sure," Mr. Breckenridge said slowly, "just what your plan intended. It does seem logical."

"It was in my letter," said Ollie. He found it easier than he thought to live up to the man who had written the letter. "I put my ideas there about the contest." He found himself speaking smoothly and surely. This F. B. really was a likable guy.

"Mr. Benning," he said, rising, "can you join me tonight for dinner? I'd like to have more of your ideas." He turned his palms up in amused bewilderment. "I don't recall any letter."



In his reveries she accompanied him to the St. Regis or the Stork Club

He shuffled papers about on his desk and suddenly noticed one. "Maybe this is it." The letter was there—it had been hooked off by the paper clip on another plan. He glanced at it casually. "I'd rather you told me," he said. "Writing is a poor substitute for a young man who can express himself as well as you."

"Thank you," Ollie said, "I'd be delighted to come." He stepped out of the office, like Alice through the Looking Glass.

He left early that afternoon. Word of the interview and the Angela House had spread, and everyone had been pumping his hand and congratulating him. He was relieved to be in the ele-

vator. He stopped automatically at the newsstand.

Angela spoke to him. "Congratulations, Mr. Benning. I heard the news," she said.

Ollie paused and waited for the blush to come or his head to swim. Nothing happened. There was merely a slight sound of angels singing. He took a deep breath.

"I called it the Angela House," he told her, "after you."

Angela smiled. "I hoped it was after me," she said softly.

Ollie felt the building tip a little—one of the angels must have brushed it with a wing.



Archbishops

Wear Red, Too

By GERARD SLOYAN

His garments are of reddish tint but his social teaching is a practical application of papal encyclicals

Victor Sanabria Martínez, social-minded leader of Costa Rican Catholics

"**CARAMBA!** Is nothing sacred to these fellows?"

The newspaper *Diario de Costa Rica* was on the newsstands, and the populace was, for the most part, on the streets, busily engaged in buying and incredulously examining the first page of San José's morning daily, dated June 16, 1943.

There it was! The Archbishop of San José could be seen caricatured as a wild-eyed comrade, fully equipped with hammer, sickle, and assorted ideologies, while opposite him was delineated the leader of the country's popular front party, piously fingering the beads of his *camándula*, eyes cast heavenward. The comments of the citizenry (to quote a serviceable quote) were "ample, varied, and unhampered by accurate knowledge."

The cartoon is certainly not a more enduring monument than bronze, but for zinc, its effects can last a long time. What sequence of events had brought on this damaging indictment of prelate and politico alike? How valid was the charge of treason brought against both of them?

The whole thing began, one might say, with a little Costa Rican priest named Victor Sanabria Martínez. This short, dark, Indian-featured cleric, who

found himself an archbishop and the spiritual leader of a nation of seven hundred thousand Latin American Catholics at the age of forty-one, had some revolutionary ideas. So did the Communists. But the Communists thought that they were the only ones who had a right to them, and thereby hangs a tale.

Father Sanabria's appointment as archbishop was no matter of surprise to the professors in the Gregorian University in Rome who had laureated him not many years before. He was named to the prelacy of San José in 1940 after having served briefly as bishop of nearby Alajuela. This first papal appointment came when he was thirty-nine, after seventeen years in the priesthood.

Now, about those revolutionary tendencies. The diminutive archbishop had the centuries-old conviction, too little stressed in our time, that Christianity packs more socio-economic dynamite per square inch than any and every hue of communism, from Karl Marx's original dialectic materialism down through Uncle Joe's most recent variations on a theme. He was by no means alone in subscribing to the well-conceived principle that men's bodies must be fed before they can stand and listen to the gospel. He realized that 90 per cent of his flock were of the laboring class and

that the greater number of them were economically straitened. Christianity had always preached a spirit of poverty but never one of economic subjection. This the wealthy agriculturalists and industrialists evidently failed to realize, for they were uneasy at his opening salvo in a pastoral letter of April 28, 1940.

"Political reasons," he wrote, "and others of diverse nature . . . explain why political groups, based integrally on the criteria of the encyclicals *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno* . . . have not yet appeared in our midst . . . incorporating into their program or political ideology specific declarations of policy . . . with regard to the social question."

The whole thing smacked of radicalism. Papal encyclicals were something to be read, if at all, with appreciation for the long periodic sentences and the fineness of expression which embodied the scholastic mode of thought. Political groups were another thing entirely. That was it—the Church was about to enter politics! So said the wealthy plantation owners. But the archbishop had already framed an answer to this hoary charge:

"It is not the Church, nor we ourselves who are called upon to propose, much less to impel, the formation of these groups insofar as they are political,

but if they are constituted with that specific purpose there is no reason why Catholics, without any burden of conscience, should not go to make up their ranks.

"In strictly political matters we have no right to intervene, but we do not believe that any slightest point . . . restrains us, when we consider that certain states of unrest in the social order which have found refuge in the Communist camp, could have their sane and orthodox, even Catholic solutions, in other political groups, which would seek with disinterest and a maximum of sincerity to express more concretely their aspirations for social betterment in well-defined programs."

That was the beginning of the archbishop's "communism." He favored political groups and was aligning himself with the recent radical reforms, sponsored in part by the Communists, which were to culminate in the passage of the Code of Labor Law of September, 1943. It was clear that private initiative was threatened, and that an imprudent prelate had aligned himself with Communism, the Church's greatest enemy, to deal private enterprise the death blow.

A brief survey of the economic and political scene in Costa Rica may aid in an understanding of the work that Archbishop Sanabria had cut out for himself. The country has an area of some twenty-three thousand square miles, equivalent to half of Pennsylvania. The diverse topography includes both a central plateau and mountainous spine, and also two low-lying coastal plains. Coffee is the chief crop, being grown largely on the central plateau around San José. Bananas, cocoa, and sugar follow in order of their importance as export material. As for industry, most manufacture is for local needs.

The *colón*, the nominal unit of currency, is worth something less than twenty cents. Average pay for agricultural workers has traditionally been in the neighborhood of from two to four *colones* per day, with workers on banana plantations getting a slightly higher wage. Even the fact that there is more acreage held by small landowners than large does little to alter this income scale. While it is true that Costa Rican national economy is fairly sound, the fact remains that poverty is the rule rather than the exception in this tiny republic. Agricultural and industrial workers alike have long been underpaid, judging by any standard. Their first hope came with the passage of the *Garantias Sociales* in July 1943, which provided workers' compensation benefits and many other forms of social security. The form of government is democratic, a president being elected to office for a term of four years. Parties are not ordinarily stable but formed for the purpose of electing candidates. President Teodoro Picado and his predecessor, Calderón Guardia, have both been practicing Catholics. Neither merits to be termed an outstanding political figure.

Three years ago, you will remember, the ukase went out from the Kremlin decreeing the official death of the Comintern. Knowing better than to demand a "habeas corpus," Moscow's satellites throughout the world immediately declared that popular democratic government would make just as serviceable a vehicle for Communist ideas as the old-line anarchy, class struggle, and what not. The voice indeed was the voice of Jacob but the hands were the hands of Esau. Anyway, the decree had its effects in this country in Mr. Browder's forensic gymnastics and the *Daily Worker's* "ace comics," prominent on the editorial

page. Both were substantially declared officially not funny by M. Jacques Duclos, Parisian mouthpiece for world Communism.

In Costa Rica the up-and-coming Communist Party, then twelve years in existence, held a "spontaneous" convention on June 13, 1943, and decided to set aside its thud and blunder tactics. By the popular vote of its own delegates, the party was formally dissolved, only to arise, phoenixlike, as the socially acceptable *Partido Vanguardia Popular*. The leader of the party (of the first and second part) was Don Manuel Mora Valverde, a man who had done most of his basic training in Mexico's Red centers. He presented the delegates with a streamlined version of traditional Communist theory; this they approved unanimously, to the complete surprise of no one at all. Private property was no longer taboo, capitalism received the official blessing of the Vanguardia, atheism became a nonessential, work was no longer the sole source of wealth, and the notion of an armed struggle between classes was nothing short of repulsive. Communism was in sackcloth and ashes. Or better still, there were just the sackcloth and ashes, for there was no Communism in Costa Rica.

SEÑOR Mora favored the Archbishop with a letter, dated the following day, in which he outlined the proceedings of the convention. He enclosed the Party's new manifesto, told of their preoccupation with any and all problems, national or international, that might threaten Costa Rican unity, and spoke of the urge to create a powerful bloc of all progressivist forces for the salvation of Costa Rica. (The Republic had declared war on the Axis in 1941). Then the Señor asked *la pregunta de los \$64*. "Do you believe, Señor Archbishop, that any obstacle exists which might prevent Catholic citizens from joining or forming alliances with the Vanguardia Popular Party?" The response given by the Archbishop indicated the bold purpose he had long had in mind. It was dated the same day, June 14, 1943, and its opening phrases made it quite clear that no part of the plan was new to him.

He spoke of consultation with the other bishops of the country, and of his deep realization of the problem of conscience that had been imposed upon him. Then he made reference to his own early pastoral letter, quoted above, and to the two papal encyclicals which were the determinants of his course.

While citing the irreconcilability of Catholicism and Communism, Archbishop Sanabria stated his belief that the Communist about-face, although based on a political realism, was made in good faith. The differences between Catholics and Communists seemed to



Ewing Gallwey

Costa Rican banana plantation. Bananas rank second among agricultural exports

have been dissolved with the dissolution of the party, in all that met the eye. The program of the new party contained, if only in negative form, all that was desirable in papal social teaching. *Therefore, all Catholics could enter it freely.* A change in his conviction would come, he said, only if the new party adopted activities or methods opposed to those Catholic teachings. He even urged the Catholics who would join to try to impress on the party a positive Catholic stamp in the conduct of all its internal affairs. If the devil a monk would be, the Archbishop seemed determined to exact of him perpetual vows.

Then came a statement of policy upon which much of the rest of our story hinges:

"I take advantage of this opportunity to state that ecclesiastical authority is and will be pledged to the formation of Catholic workers' associations, and the furtherance of those already existing, not to weaken the cohesiveness of the workers' movement, but to direct it in the way that will serve its interests best, namely within the admirable course charted by papal teachings."

As soon as this exchange of letters was made public, the fireworks began. The leaders of conservative thought, with a few notable exceptions, took no pains to conceal their displeasure with San José's Archbishop. Ninety-nine per cent of the people are Catholics. No doubt many thought that the man they should have been able to rely on most had been taken in badly, and some intimidated even worse. The Archbishop maintained a discreet silence for a week. Finally, when it became evident that heat was superseding light in the argument and that his *"tolerari potest"* was being complemented by little toleration from other quarters, he decided to clarify the situation. The medium he chose was the well-disposed daily newspaper, *La Tribuna*. There in popular but completely logical style he reiterated the reasons for his decision. He made it clear that the cry of the poor was the primary motivating force in the entire sequence. Granting Communism's original postulates, he cited Mora's retraction of them and his accompanying declaration that the new party would support President Calderón Guardia, "whose policies are based on the papal encyclicals."

A clever thrust at the "vested interests" served to illumine the entire proceedings, from the Archbishop's point of view. He referred to the basic misunderstanding current in Costa Rica, whereby "Communist" served as a convenient epithet, not for those who had opposed religion or the Church, but for those who had said or done anything opposed to the selfish ends of the name-caller. Such being the essence of Com-

munist, Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI and the Archbishop of San José certainly merited the title.

"Do we all sincerely wish Communism to disappear from Costa Rica?" Don Manuel must have gagged on that one. "Well, it had disappeared without struggle or violence, in the neatest Costa Rican fashion."

Señor Mora had said previously that he had not deceived the Archbishop, nor had the Archbishop deceived him. It is doubtful, however, that the Señor had ever before encountered such a complete lack of guile—even in his own comrades. Just to bring the incident full circle, it is interesting to note that our American press got hold of the story and muffed it completely. "Catholics Can Now Be Communists in Costa Rica," a headline in a New York paper said. There were corrections later, of course, but the readers who see the follow-ups have never been any match for



**Manuel Mora Valverde,
Communist leader**

those inoculated by the initial germs of misinformation.

With the fact of the Archbishop's radicalism now clearly established, the ensuing account of his activities will take on fuller meaning. He had publicly admitted that the late Communist Party had been the most socially conscious political party on the national scene. That they were so conscious was good; that they were Communists was something that could be vastly improved upon. Their metamorphosis accomplished something, but the Archbishop would have been sanguine indeed to let the matter rest there. Consequently, he set about a little organizing of his own. For help he turned to Father Benjamin Núñez, a priest of the San José archdiocese, whom he had sent to Washington's Catholic University for graduate work in the social sciences. Father

Núñez was apprised of the situation in detail immediately upon his return.

"Too much of our Catholic opposition to Communism has been negative, Father," the Archbishop said. "We have been giving the people principles when bread was needed, and preaching sermons on the life to come to people whose employers are making it come all too soon. When workers' groups were formed they were always 'anti' something. We must join the ranks of the 'pros.' The Communist Laborers' and Farmhands' Bloc may profit by a little competition."

After months of behind-the-scenes preparation, the work of organization began on August 2, 1943, the feast of Our Lady of Angels. On that national patronal feast, Father Núñez announced in his sermon at the basilica in Cartago that shortly a nonpolitical workers' organization was to be formed, inspired by Catholic social doctrines, for the building of a better world. No more propitious day could have been chosen for the launching of the program, for Our Lady, under her title of Queen of Angels, is revered in Costa Rica in a way that cannot easily be described.

The fifteenth of September saw the establishment of *La Central De Sindicatos Costarricenses "Rerum Novarum,"* to co-ordinate the fifteen syndicates of local workers' units that had already been formed at Father Núñez's behest. The new central body so aided in the advance of local organizations that by the end of the year thirty-two groups were represented in a Congress of Directors. All during 1944 Father Núñez served in the capacity of leg-man extraordinary. No corner of the country was too out of the way, no group of workers too unresponsive, for some attempt to be made at indoctrination. The work bore fruit. A second Congress of Directors, held just before Christmas in 1944, resulted in refinements of both policy and practice. Workers' Federations had been formed in each of the six provinces, the larger provinces having distinct unions for agricultural and industrial workers. Railroad men and public health workers were the two groups which were organized separately on a national scale.

The subdivision of the *federación* or union was the *sindicato*—a "local" in our usage. These included groups of shoemakers, tailors, hatters, and all the tradesmen, as well as workers on coffee, banana, and cocoa plantations. April 29, 1945, was the day that saw the organization receive its final form. The ten major federations and all the syndicates comprising them were integrated into an over-all congress to be known as the "Costa Rican Workers' Federation 'Rerum Novarum'." A constitution was drawn up and officers elected. The pres-

idency fell to Father Núñez, and the position of treasurer to his brother, Father Santiago Núñez. No, it wasn't clericalism. The delegates—all of them laymen—wanted it that way. This measure, however, is only a temporary one.

In accordance with the provisions of Costa Rica's Code of Labor Law, the Confederation disavowed all political purposes. Its work was to be educational, and to bring about pressures which would result in legislative changes through the action of political parties. It was not long before libraries sprang up at the various syndical headquarters. Labor courses were offered, with owners, workers, lawyers, and priests making up the speakers' rosters. The courses were well attended, and daily new tens and hundreds came to learn that labor had its duties as well as its rights, that capitalists were charged with the proper distribution of excess wealth, and that a digger of ditches had a right to expect a wage that would somehow meet the needs of his fifteen children. The Costa Rican workers also gradually came to realize that the two pontiffs known to history as Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI were of giant stature in the field of economics and labor.

At the present writing there are about thirteen thousand workers organized in something less than one hundred different local units. Industrial workers from the cities may find themselves in the company of coffee and banana plantation workers at one of the Confederation's frequent conventions. There is no religious test for membership despite the Catholic character of the movement both in leadership and inspiration. Unbelievers can find their place in the organization if they are *bona fide* workers; so too can those who are willing to brighten the corner where they are if that is the price of a pair of shoes. Thousands of Jamaican Negroes on the east coast, traditionally Anglicans, have joined the Confederation in order to improve their lot on the huge banana plantations. These field workers are thrice welcome, for their working conditions are often in greatest need of improvement.

THE question of dues will be imminent in the mind of anyone acquainted with American unionism. Workers in industry are required to pay twenty-five *centimos* a week; those in agriculture, fifteen. That is five and three cents respectively. Of the dues collected, 60 per cent remains at home to be used by the local *sindicato* for disbursements among the workers, 20 per cent is used for running the provincial Federation, and 20 per cent goes for the maintenance of the headquarters in San José. No one has as yet clamored to see Father Núñez' books.

THE DRUMS OF HATE

By Arthur Wallace Peach

The drums of hate are heard again, . . .
Muttering drums . . . muttering drums.

The winds bend low to the desert sand;
They listen to hear what the dust might say
Where the crosses gleam in the lonely land;
And the great seas hark to the voices deep
Where the shattered ships in darkness sleep.

The shadows stir in the jungle mould,
And there again the winds are told
The message heard where the crosses white
March down the hills in the endless night:

"When will men learn? Why can't they learn?
Hatred and fear ride the winds again
Before the guns' hot breath is cool!
Leaders of men, bid the wild drums cease,
We died to bring a mad world peace."

The drums of hate sound sullen again, . . .
Muttering drums . . . muttering drums.

On May 1, 1945, the Confederation was solemnly inaugurated in San José's Medoza Stadium. Thousands of Costa Ricans, representing every field of labor, crowded in to hear enunciated those principles to which the new organization was dedicated. Archbishop Sanabria and President Teodoro Picado were headliners on the speakers' card. The latter was to speak at the workers' May Day demonstration of the *Vanguardia* later in the afternoon. The Archbishop stressed the idea of the Confederation as a movement of the people. The title of "genius" responsible for the organization he disclaimed, both for himself and for Father Núñez. If homage were to be paid it belonged most properly to the social doctrine of the Church, "too long unknown among us," and to the pontiffs who had promulgated it. There were those hoping for a few anathemas from his lips as well as blessings, Archbishop Sanabria said, but they were to be disappointed. He had no intention of seizing upon May First as the occasion for a series of festal maledictions. In response to charges that his outlook was leftist, he stated that he was not nor would he ever be "to the right" or "to the left" or "in the center."

"I am where the Church is, and the Church is outside and above the center, the right, or the left. The Church has no orientation other than '*Sursum*,' above."

Those who would brand *Rerum Novarum* communistic, the Archbishop unequivocally accused of bad faith. He dealt similarly with those who charged

him with using the Confederation to drive a political wedge.

"This is but part of the wages that go with an archbishopric: I place it, with all the solicitude of a collector, in my museum of memories."

Any review of successes would be meaningless without acknowledgment of the overwhelming part played by Almighty God and His Holy Mother, the Virgin Queen of Angels. He closed with a provocative watchword: *Rerum Novarum*, and the truth shall make us free!"

The little archbishop isn't living in a fool's paradise. He knows that there is all sorts of work yet to be done, educational, legislative, and the more professedly religious. He found it necessary as recently as last September to explain his entire position again in a pastoral letter, ostensibly addressed to his clergy. But he cannot help having noticed that the *Vanguardia* candidates in a recent election polled only one-fourth as many votes as their Communist predecessors trying for the same posts. There is even talk of the withdrawal of *Vanguardia* candidates unless things pick up a bit. Old Juan Pueblo appears to be a little more satisfied with the capitalistic system, which for some strange reason isn't acting the way it used to. May be that it would like to, but it can't.

"Costa Rica?" a recent Central American visitor to the States said not long ago. "They're all socialists there, even the Archbishop of San José."

I heard it. Just the other day.

Thomas Casey, THE SCHEMER

BY
BRASSIL
FITZGERALD

MR. CASEY was in bitter, in dangerous mood. Hamlet grown old and Irish; man delighted him not, no, nor woman either. Especially Ethel. His sister-in-law and for the time being his hostess, Ethel was wealthy and wise. A good woman, and admired by all, barring Grandpa Casey.

The trouble was Grandpa was homesick, pining to be again with his loved ones in Hollywood, with Katey and Joe and their baby. They missed him too, but the fare was the problem. Grandpa didn't have it, nor did Katey to spare. And Ethel with all her stocks and bonds was serenely impervious to Grandpa's hints. So too were the saints.

Mooning now at his bedroom window, he saw a limousine slowing to Ethel's door and shining knocker. From his window above, Grandpa recognized the arriving guest, the widow Shurtz of Shurtz and Company, Fine Ales and Lagers. And regarding her now as she mounted the steps, sleekly grand in her bronze-mink, "Don't look so proud, woman," Grandpa muttered, "For I paid for that coat—ten cents at a time."

"Thomas! Thomas dear!" Ethel was calling in her company voice, "Come and have tea with us."

Tea again! Sure my insides are black with it, Grandpa thought. But a gentleman always, hastily he slicked his white hair, shot his cuffs, and slipped into his pocket his treasured snapshots of Katey and her man-child, and Joe in his marine uniform. This Mrs. Shurtz would be pleased to see them.

In her dining room, and elegance, Ethel poured from a silver pot, the while Madame Helen Shurtz, like a perfumed pigeon, cooed to Grandpa. "So nice for dear Ethel, having you here!" The jeweled cross on her bosom rose and fell with her sigh. "Poor little me!" she murmured, "All alone in my big house."

Sure, the kiss of the blarney stone never wears off. With smiling gallantry Grandpa responded, "Well now, that's a thing could be remedied easily. Were I myself a bit younger . . ."

But hastily and firmly Ethel spoke, "Thomas dear, would you look at the furnace? I feel a slight chill." With a delicate sniff, she added to the brewer's relict, "My sinuses! You have no ideal!"

When Grandpa returned to the ladies, they were deep in talk, frankly confessing the sins of their neighbors. Grandpa listened politely, biding his time to mention Hollywood and exhibit his snapshots.

But no chance. For Ethel ran on like an eight-day clock. Discussing now some Helen Sullivan, who had got her comeuppance. "The airs of her! With her gloves off at Mass to show her fine diamond!" Ethel patted her lips with embroidered linen. "Too good for her own! Well, I could have warned her."

With puzzled interest, "But what?" asked Grandpa, "what misfortune befell this Sullivan lass?"

With gusto the ladies told him. Helen Sullivan, a young teacher from out of town, had gotten herself engaged to one Ronald Lovett, 3rd, only son of a leading Yankee family. Then when young Ronald had gone to the wars, and a staff job in London, his parents, the Lovett 2nds, had insisted that Helen stay with them; nothing too good for their son's intended. Teas and dinners, and her name every week in society notes.

Ethel sniffed delicately. "Well, I could have warned her. 'Pride goeth before a fall.'"

And what a fall, a crash! For now her fine Ronald was returning, and with only a cablegram for warning, bringing with him an English bride. As good as a play, the ladies agreed, to see now what Helen Sullivan would do. For there wasn't a vacant room in the village. Would she run away, or stay on at the Lovett's to greet the new bride, and hand back that big diamond?

"The poor child!" said Grandpa, "and her young pride crushed!" Sternly he added, "It's the man should be scorned, that Lovett, 3rd. The back of my hand to all three of him!"

Helen Shurtz reproved him, rolling

her eyes. "You men!" she simpered, "You're all alike."

Before Grandpa could answer, Ethel spoke dryly. "And when are you off for Florida, Helen?"

"Monday next," said the brewer's relict. "And I do wish you'd come with me, Ethel. All the lovely sunshine! Just the thing for your poor sinus."

Surprisingly, Ethel answered, "You shouldn't tempt me."

A quick hope made Grandpa tense. But knowing Ethel, he pretended indifference. Schemer Casey! "Sure, your sinus is nothing," he said blandly. "You just imagine it."

Ethel snapped, "That's what one gets for not complaining." She gave a martyr's sigh. "No one knows what I suffer!"

"Then get a sun-lamp," said Grandpa cruelly. The wicked man. "Florida's all very well for Helen Shurtz here—but you can't afford it."

Ethel was wild with him. "You're not deceiving me, Thomas. All you're thinking of is your own comfort. It wouldn't hurt you a bit to take care of yourself for a few weeks. But if I do go," she added sternly, "you must write every week, so I won't be worried about the house."

"Me too!" said Helen Shurtz girlishly, "I love to get letters."

What could a gentleman answer, but, "Well, I'll write you with pleasure."

No fool like an old fool, Ethel thought, and changed the subject to the problem of clothes.

While the ladies ran on, Grandpa said a silent prayer. Good man that he was, not for himself, but for Ethel. Asking St. Christopher to bless her trip, and soon.

THUS it happened. On Monday, Ethel and Helen Shurtz went to Florida, leaving Grandpa to lonely splendor, himself and the cat in fourteen rooms. The ladies left at three o'clock, and at three-ten, Grandpa was at the telephone.

He called Ethel's grocer and gave an order, a modest one, bread and cheese and the like, nothing fancy at all. "And while you're delivering," he ended his order with casual ease, "you can bring me up a case of ale. Charge it please."

That very night Grandpa was inspired. At his ease in the living room, with the local paper, his stockinged feet

Grandpa Casey was homesick, but the fare was a problem. When his wealthy sister-in-law and the saints ignored his hints, he took matters into his own hands



May
Corbello
Burke

Helen looked up at that, and though she answered Grandpa her eyes were on D'Orazzi, shy eyes and questioning

on Ethel's lovely sofa, and a glass of ale on her tea wagon. He was reading about Congress and the housing shortage, when suddenly, there it was in his mind, a grand idea, a noble plan. "And Yankee-shrewd," he remarked to the cat, "Do good to your neighbor—and get paid for it too."

With pencil and paper, he went straight to work at the dining-room table, frowning intently, writing down words and crossing them out. While over his shoulder his guardian angel watched, and shuddered. No excuse for him either; sufficient reflection and full consent of the will. For he worked all evening to get it as he wanted it, an ad for the local paper.

"Furnished rooms. Temporary. Veterans preferred. T. Casey, Prop."

The ad was published on Wednesday morning, and that very noon a customer came. Rolled into the yard in a wreck of a car, its back seat piled with books and bags. D'Orazzi, the name was, Peter D'Orazzi. A tall man with red hair needing cutting, under shaggy brows, fierce blue eyes, and a scar like a knife-cut across one cheek. But he wore his gold service button, so that was all right. And a well-spoken lad, though he said but little.

WHEN Grandpa showed him a room, "Very nice!" he said, and quickly, "How much?"

Grandpa was set for that query, braced for it. The dollar came first, and himself right after it. Schemer Casey, without batting an eye, he said, "Ten dollars a week, with no meals. Room and board will cost you thirteen. And nothing fancy, mind you, cafeteria style."

The lad was delighted, and Grandpa too. Moreover, thirteen a week would run into money.

At four o'clock, the doorbell again. This time, a young lady, a dignified lass with a pale, proud face, and a shy voice, "Mr. Casey?"

"I am then."

"I've come about a room."

Grandpa looked doubtful, "But are you a veteran?"

The girl shook her head. "A teacher," she said, and the lift of her young chin was faintly defiant. "My name is Helen Sullivan."

Sullivan? thought Grandpa, frowning. Then swiftly remembered—Ethel's voice at tea. Sure, this was the little one that Lovett jilted.

"Come in, Miss, come in," said Grandpa, and led her upstairs to Ethel's guest room.

When you go into business, your troubles begin; as Grandpa discovered that very night.

It was after twelve when, worn out with affairs and washing dishes, decid-

ing on the morrow to buy paper plates, Grandpa locked the doors, turned out the lights, and went upstairs, carrying his shoes so as not to disturb his roomers.

In the dark of the upper hall, Grandpa stood still with amaze. Under D'Orazzi's closed door was a thread of light, and behind the door someone was talking, an angry muttering.

In his stocking-feet Grandpa moved closer, put his ear to the door. Distinctly now he heard talk, and ugly talk. For D'Orazzi was saying, "The heat is on. We'll have to hide."

A second of silence, then D'Orazzi again, "No. The heat is on. Lay low is better."

Grandpa's scalp prickled. His heart in his throat, I'm too old, he thought, for this sort of thing.

Silence. Somewhere a blind creaked. And the wind in the yard-elm sighed like a soul in torment. Then D'Orazzi again, and now his voice sounded fiercely impatient. "No. No. The heat is on. We'll have to hole up."

Old and frail, yes, but a Casey still. "Not in my house," said Grandpa, and marched in to D'Orazzi. And you'd

~~~~~  
► It is the exceptional woman who goes out of a man's life without banging a door.

~~~~~  
—M. E. MORTON
~~~~~

never know from his face how scared he was, demanding, not asking, "What's going on here?"

D'Orazzi stared, saying nothing. In his shirt sleeves, the man was at a cluttered table, and the other rascal not in view. Already hidden!

In dignified silence, Grandpa got down and looked under the bed. Strode to the closet and pulled open the door.

No one in the closet, and behind Grandpa's back, D'Orazzi was chuckling, an unreasoned sound and sinister.

That foolish and frightening laugh of D'Orazzi's! Then he stopped it to say, "Relax, Mr. Casey. You heard me, working." With a sheepish grin he explained. "I'm writing, a 'Who Done It.' And I talk my dialogue aloud before I write it. Helps me get it right, real talk."

Grandpa collapsed, sat limp on the edge of the bed. "In my room," he gasped, "in back of the bureau. A small bottle of medicine. Get it, man, quick." A gentleman, this Casey, and generous, even in *extremis*. For he added weakly, "Bring a glass for yourself from the bathroom."

The night was half gone, and the medicine too, when Grandpa retired.

Grandpa's real concern was for the little teacher, the Sullivan girl. For she would not make friends. D'Orazzi she ignored, and Grandpa she treated with

a timid reserve. "Good morning. Good evening." That was all she had to say.

"Her Highness," D'Orazzi called her, with what seemed to be an amused indifference, "What's eating her, anyway?" he asked Grandpa one night, while they played forty-fives at the dining-room table.

Grandpa did not choose to tell him. "We all have our sorrows," he said mildly; and, "I'll cut those cards. You've an ace on the bottom."

But Grandpa worried about the girl. Night after night, alone in her room. On Friday evening, he went briskly upstairs and invited her down to play checkers. Her "No, thank you," was gentle and final. She had papers to correct, she explained.

Grandpa retired, defeated, but not for long. A half-hour later, he was back again, knocked on her door, with coffee in Ethel's silver pot, and on Ethel's best china a big piece of store cake. "To keep your strength up," he said.

That did please her. For taking the tray, "I don't know why you are so nice to me," she said with a sad little smile.

"'Tis a weakness I have for a pretty face," Grandpa told her, and beaming, ready to stay on if only invited, "You remind me a lot of my granddaughter Katey. I have some pictures, I'll show you," he waited hopefully one second; then added, "tomorrow maybe when you have the time."

Though she did not ask to see his snapshots, Grandpa knew the next day that the ice was melting, the door to her loneliness opening a little. This was the way of it.

On this Saturday morning the sink and the set tubs were full of several days' accumulation of dishes, and Grandpa left them so. As he told D'Orazzi after breakfast, housework was like writing. At times it came easy, other times, no. The thing of it was to get in the mood for it. And Grandpa strolled down to the Square for a haircut.

HE CAME back to a surprise; the sink and the set tubs shining. Every last dish was wiped and put away, and the kitchen floor scrubbed. A gracious gesture, and Helen Sullivan's. Grandpa was pleased and encouraged.

Grandpa pondered the problem, for an hour, one cigar, and one cold bottle of Shurtz extra pale. Then he had it. The answer was staring him right in the face, there on the calendar over the stove. Monday next would be Valentine's Day. A valentine! Yes, but no silly rhyme, and paper lace for a nickel. No, but something artistic, he'd write it himself.

He did that. Shut in his room he labored long. And when he had finished, read it aloud, nodding his head at each eloquent phrase.

"Dear Helen:

Emboldened and inspired by good St. Valentine, I take pen in hand to pay humble tribute to your fair charms. Sure, you walk in beauty. And the violets spring up where your small feet have trod. In ancient times, the poets tell us, the fairness of one Helen launched a thousand ships, and burnt the topless towers of Ilium. Well, were you that Helen, and I one of them heathens, in the first boat I'd be, and carrying a torch.

YOUR UNKNOWN ADMIRER."

GRANDPA read it again, doubtfully this time. His guardian angel must have nudged him. For at last, and with deep reluctance, he decided it would not do. He could not bear to destroy his creative effort, and so hid it away under his shirts in his bureau. A better scheme already in mind, and one that involved no deception.

On Monday morning, with good will in his heart, and Helen's room rent in his pocket, he hurried downtown to the florist's. Bought a dozen tea roses, to be sent at once to the Emerson School, to Miss Helen Sullivan, with no card included. She could put them on her desk, for the children to admire. And the other girl teachers. Good for her pride.

That very afternoon, this lad, D'Orazzi, justified Grandpa's trust. Came out to the kitchen and apologized handsomely for letting his board bill run so long; and asked for the total figure.

Grandpa told him, and added happily, "But wait now, till I make you out your receipt."

"No receipt needed," D'Orazzi said generously. "Besides," he continued sheepishly, "I haven't the cash at this moment." Seeing Grandpa's face fall, D'Orazzi hastened to reassure him, "It's in the bag, Mr. Casey. A short novel the Harver Press has practically bought. And my agent writes he's got a movie company nibbling." D'Orazzi rubbed briskly his big hands. "Three or four thousand, any day now."

"Do you tell me!" And wistfully admiring, "Well, a talent like that is a wonderful gift."

'Twas Helen Sullivan ended that business conference. At four o'clock, they heard her come in the front door; but instead of hurrying up to her room as usual she came out, light swift feet through the dining room. Stood slim in the kitchen doorway, brown hair curling from the rainy day, and smiling above the roses she held. "Aren't they lovely?" she said with shy pride. "I must get them in water, right away."

Watching Helen arrange her flowers, Grandpa remarked cautiously, "Roses, no less! Well now, someone must think you're pretty nice."

Helen looked up at that, and though



*Retreating to the kitchen, he sat in the corner like a prisoner in the dock*

she answered Grandpa her eyes were on D'Orazzi, shy eyes and questioning. "I'm very glad," she said, and was gone with her vase, roses too in her cheeks.

In the kitchen, then, D'Orazzi broke the silence. "Did you see that?" The young man's expression was both puzzled and pleased, "That look she gave me?" Before Grandpa could answer D'Orazzi added smiling, "Kind of cute at that—if she weren't so conceited."

Grandpa replied, "My own sister-in-law told me, she and a friend of hers, a widow woman named Helen Shurtz. Well, they told me in confidence, that girl upstairs has heart trouble." Inspired by D'Orazzi's breathless interest, Grandpa went too far, with a deep sigh added, "Not long for this world."

"What a heel I've been," D'Orazzi said, "letting her walk to school every day, with my car standing in the yard. Starting tomorrow, she rides. Which reminds me, pal," he added easily, "Okay with you, if I charge some gas?"

Noblesse oblige. What could a gentleman say but yes? Though when D'Orazzi had taken himself off, Grandpa looked long at the calendar, counting the days till the end of the month when the bills would come in.

On the first of the month, Grandpa received, if not a pardon, at least a stay of execution. For he got no bill at all from the grocer. He could not understand that, nor did he try.

For the young folks now were good friends, and Helen Sullivan a changed girl, her young voice singing softly, the

while she made tea for herself and Grandpa. Upstairs they could hear D'Orazzi at work, and even his typewriter sounded different, a gay, swift rhythm, as if his fingers danced on the keys.

"This can't go on," thought Grandpa. "Something's got to happen." And something did.

For Pete D'Orazzi's ship came in; a check from his agent, and a Hollywood assignment to do dialogue for a B picture.

The lad hardly stayed to tell Grandpa, then was out of the yard on two wheels, down to the school to meet Helen. They came back engaged, and they came back to pack. For Helen was going right home, to be married in her own parish, and D'Orazzi with her, to meet her folks and prove himself to her pastor. Then, after the marriage, they'd drive to the coast.

YOUNG people are thoughtless. In sorrow, they look to their elders; in happiness, they need but themselves. So it was with Pete and Helen; in a high, happy wind of excitement, impatient to lift their sails and be gone on their great adventure, they had little time for Grandpa. Nor did either of them dream that until the last moment Grandpa wrestled with temptation, wanting dreadfully to say, "Could I come too—if I could just get to my Katey in Hollywood?"

D'Orazzi paid his bill, and shook Grandpa's hand. "Thanks pal," he said;

## Not So Tough

► Sounds of wrath emanated from the bathroom where the newlywed husband was trying to shave.

"What's wrong dear?" his wife called solicitously.

"My razor," her spouse shouted. "It won't cut at all!"

"Don't be silly," said the wife. "Your beard can't be any tougher than the kitchen linoleum!"



and "We'll write you," he promised. Helen kissed him. Then it was too late; waving back gaily, they rolled out of the yard, and on their way.

Grandpa called, "Godspeed!" Stood waving till they rounded the corner, then slowly, pensively walked back to the house. Himself and the cat in fourteen rooms.

Time for bookkeeping now, to count his profits. He got his grocery slips from the hook in the pantry, and with anxious care at the kitchen table, added them all. One hundred, one hundred and twenty; the total amazed him. Never mind, he could swing it. By adding to the cash in hand that he had from D'Orazzi and Helen, his own pension check, he could pay in full, and have one dollar over. A man of sterling integrity, though the day was rainy and cold, under Ethel's best umbrella, he hastened downtown determined to pay that bill.

Surprise! Mr. Pratt, the grocer, would not take his money. At the end of the month the bill had been forwarded to Ethel in Florida, and Mr. Pratt had her check. "Oh my!" Grandpa thought, and walked out of the store without a word, and across the square to the Weyham Tavern. That's where he was, showing the bartender his snapshots of Katey and Joe and the baby, when the Shurtz limousine rolled grandly through the square, bringing the travelers home. When Ethel descended at her own front door, the widow Shurtz kissed her, "Come to tea soon," she cooed. "And bring your dear brother-in-law." Ethel's answering kiss was cool and brief; she too was thinking of her dear brother-in-law.

**I**N SILENT haste, like justice in a fur coat. Ethel moved, room to room, inspecting her house, gathering evidence. Dirty dishes; a half-smoked cigar on the top of the stove; an empty beer bottle on the dining-room table. But upstairs was worse; upstairs she was shocked. Dreadful! A thing you wouldn't believe, unless you saw it yourself! She did see it, unmistakable evidence that Thomas Casey had been using three

beds, sleeping in all the rooms. Ethel could think of but one explanation. The man must have crawled upstairs every night, too confused and dizzy to find his own room.

No weakling, our Ethel. "Well, I'll soon put a stop to this!" she snapped, and went looking for proof, for empties.

Ethel found no empties, but in Grandpa's own room, under the shirts in his bureau drawer, she discovered a letter, that eloquent valentine Grandpa had not sent to Helen Sullivan. With a strange expression, Ethel read it, "My Dear Helen: emboldened and inspired I take pen in hand . . ." With a face of granite, of frozen distress, Ethel read every foolish word; and while she read, she remembered Helen Shurtz in this very house, downstairs at tea making up to Grandpa and cooing, "Poor little me—all alone in my big house."

The sly puss, thought Ethel, leading him on! In Ethel's mind was a dreadful vision; she could almost smell orange blossoms and hear an orchestra playing, "Here comes the bride!" And after that wedding? Her mind shrank from the thought of it—Thomas John Casey with a brewery of his own! "Over my dead body!" Ethel told herself grimly, and heard Grandpa's step on the back porch in the kitchen his cracked voice singing, "You'd still be as dear, as this moment thou art, let thy loveliness fade as it will—"

A strange thing now, and admirable, in that moment of acute distress, it was not Grandpa that Ethel blamed; no, but that sly puss, Helen Shurtz. "Thank Heaven," thought Ethel, "I'm here to save him," and nobly decided, "whatever it costs."

Downstairs now, Grandpa's song had stilled, while he stared in surprise and dismay at Ethel's hat and purse on the dining-room table. "Between us and harm!" he muttered, and retreating to the kitchen, sat there in the corner like a prisoner in the dock. And he heard now the judge approaching, the tap-tap of Ethel's heels, coming swift and determined.

The beds unmade and the house upset; the huge grocery bill to explain if

he could—he was in for it now. "Get me out of this, Norah," he whispered; and desperately he prayed, "Holy Michael, the Archangel, defend us in the battle . . ." Then Ethel confronted him, like patience on the monument, a face of cold and silent virtue. And her eyes in solemn silence accused Thomas Casey.

"How are you, my dear?" he said politely, and with a brave attempt at ease, "and that nice widow-woman, what's her name?"

More in sorrow than in anger, Ethel said gently, "Don't try to deceive me, Thomas. I know all about it."

So she had learned already about his roomers! The neighbors, thought Grandpa, and tried to explain, "A man ain't made to live alone."

Ethel glared. "Nonsense. At your age!"

Grandpa was moved to defend himself, recalling the young folks' happy faces. "I should have talked to you first," he admitted, "But that Helen will thank me as long as she lives."

For once Ethel was speechless. "And about that grocery bill," Grandpa said hastily, "I have it here for you, Ethel, every last cent." He put on the table, his wealth, his all, barring fifty cents in his vest pocket.

Then it happened. The miracle. Before his eyes, the leopard changed her spots. Ethel shook her head with a gracious smile. "I want you to have it, Thomas." With gentle firmness she added, "Your fare to Hollywood, dear. You can leave in the morning." A noble woman in that moment, doing good and she knew it; at once putting Helen Shurtz in her place, and saving Thomas, snatching him, as it were, from a beery grave. Ethel said sweetly, "I know Katey wants you, and I mustn't be selfish."

**T**HE amaze on Grandpa's face changed slowly to radiance, and a smile to end smiles, so joyous it was, and grateful.

"I thank you," he said, and blew his nose. "And my Norah in Heaven would thank you too."

The effrontery of this man! Ethel gave him a strange look, but with superb control, all she said was, and gently, "We'll say no more, Thomas. It was all a mistake."

When you are old and frail, even happiness tires you too. When his bags were half packed, Grandpa lay down on his bed to get back his strength, to realize his good fortune. The Hollywood sun to warm his bones! And the sunshine of Katey to warm his old heart! God was so good, and he undeserving. He thought about it, and presently spoke, "Prayer done it," he said; and after a moment with reverent wonder, "When it comes to praying—I don't know me own strength."



# Two Strikes on the Batter

By FRANK MOORE, S.J.

**T**he club owners' hold on baseball players represents the biggest monopoly of labor in America today

job in a gas station, but he's outlawed from all organized baseball for life.

In May, 1944, Branch Rickey shipped Fritz Ostermueller from Brooklyn to Syracuse. "Ostermueller's not my kind of baseball player," he said, "never was, never could be." Ostermueller took his departure philosophically. "He kept me at Rochester in the Cardinal chain gang for years when I should have been pitching for the majors. Now this, I hate to leave Brooklyn—but this is the way Brother Rickey plays the game." The same Rickey sold Dolph Camilli to the Giants, and traded Bobo Newsom to the lowly Browns. Camilli refused to take a salary cut; and it was said that keeping Newsom involved paying him a bonus.

As one player said, "We are strictly so many cattle." Larry MacPhail considered the \$25,000 he paid for Mel Almada a bad investment. "Boy, I was rooked on Almada, but I unloaded him to Sam Breadon for \$15,000," he commented, and went looking for new beef. Somebody asked Whitey Kurowski if he was going to dicker with the Mexican League; he replied that with a wife and three children he couldn't afford to incur the displeasure of organized baseball.

Any contract is unjust unless both parties are free agents; it is a fundamental principle of social philosophy that "if through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice." Baseball owners stick together tighter than Pullman windows. If Marty Marion had at-



Robert Murphy, whose Baseball Guild threatens baseball's labor monopoly

**I**T'S best these days to call baseball's commissioner "Mister" Chandler or a subdued "Albert"; but *Happy* is definitely a misnomer. The Landis scowl was a carefree smile compared to the dyspeptic pusses of King Chandler and the feudal lords of baseball's dynasty. They've got the misery and got it bad.

With the return of their vassals from the wars, the nobles anticipated a reign long and peaceful. Then, *caramba!* Pancho Villa Pasquel went on a rampage and rode off to Mexico with some of the king's men; and now an Irishman named Murphy threatens to cram every page of the NLRA down the owners' throats. Currently, baseball's Simon Legrees are suffering from plantation-nightmare with slave runners freeing the slaves by night, while Abe Lincoln pushes his legislation by day.

The popularity of the game has fogged the public mind on the practical issues of baseball as a big business. Owners of ball clubs are considered benevolent old gentlemen who not only provide the boys with suits and a park to play in, but even actually give them money. "I offered them a better way of life," said Branch Rickey of all those farm kids he signed to the Cardinal chain gang.

Sometimes their prodigal father gave them twenty-five dollars a week.

Baseball is big business. The Yankees will entertain over two million this year; and when the Wrigleys and the Bradleys and the Benswangers buy a ball club, they do it to make money. And how they organize! No other industry comes even close to imitating baseball's monopoly on labor.

Playing ball, contrary to what the average fan thinks, is hard labor. Few realize the torture of playing a 154-game schedule under a sweltering sun; as Bill Werber says, "It should not be called *playing ball*, but *working ball*." The pressure of playing to win is devastating to highstrung, enthusiastic players. Then fans forget that men like Marty Marion and Vernon Stephen are highly skilled craftsmen, devoting themselves to a profession that lasts twenty years at best.

What makes baseball's employment system different from other industry is the Reserve Clause written into every contract. From the time a youngster signs with Bristol of the Appalachian League until he retires from the game, the Reserve Clause forces him to play where and when he is told. If he rebels he can go back to the farm, or take a

► The professorial voice droned on. Suddenly, the owner of the voice, esteemed professor of psychology that he was, exclaimed as he touched his finger to his forehead:

**No answer.**

"Well, sir," replied the young man, "all I know is that an impression is a dent in a soft place."

The professor quickly took his finger from his forehead.



And with no more selling of players, the hiring power of clubs would tend to be better equalized. Poorer clubs will not have to pay big checks to the farm systems for the privilege of hiring players. Nor would salaries rise excessively if the players become free agents: owners have stuck together so well all these years, they certainly will not let wage ceilings climb right off the chart. Middle and lower income players will probably do better; but top flighters will get no more than they now receive.

Of course with free contracts, the farm system goes down the drain. Shed a tear, Roscoe! Jack Zellar, Detroit's former general manager, thinks the local citizenry should own the minor league teams anyway. "The majors are heading for a huge antitrust suit . . . and it won't be long before every club and every player in organized baseball will be owned stock, lock, and barrel by the sixteen clubs of the two major leagues."

Baseball claims its contract has the legal approval of the lower courts; but nobody hears very much these days of suing Señor Pasquel—he made certain threats of a counter-suit! And once when Connie Mack induced Napoleon Lajoie to jump his three-year contract with the Phillies, there were trials in three states—and when the Phillies lost two out of three, they just let the whole matter drop. The only force of baseball's unique contract is the owners' blood-signed agreement to enforce it. No other industry but baseball has to threaten its staff with perpetual unemployment to retain their loyalty—and they call it a sport, peculiarly enough.

"But," they squawk, "the money teams will get the best players!" *Hmmmmmm!*

There's actually little reason to think that the moneyed Yanks would line up an outfield of DiMaggio, Wakefield, and Williams, even if they wanted to. After all Yawkey and Briggs don't live in the poorhouse. Williams is worth less to New York than to Boston; and Ted would probably be a bit reluctant to pit his so-so fielding ability against his rival's finesse. And certainly Wakefield would rather be Mr. Big in Detroit's outfield than share the glory with Williams and DiMaggio for a few more dollars. Even in the absurd supposition that a prodigal MacPhail would want to hire Boudreau, Pesky, Rizzuto, and Stephens to help Pee-wee Reese play shortstop, they'd refuse; they're smart enough to know they improve only by playing every day. Hank Greenberg signed with Detroit rather than with his hometown where a fellow, name of Gehrig, was playing first base.

Given free choice, most young men will sign with their hometown team, or the one nearest to where they live. And if he knows the club can't ship him around arbitrarily, the out-of-town youngster will settle down where he's playing, buy a home, raise a family, and become an adopted son of the city. It's light-headed thinking to imagine a player won't overlook a few unpleasant features to remain in the town he likes.

**I**T LOOKS as if only force will obtain a free contract for baseball; since it is not likely that some wealthy philanthropist will foot the bill for legal force and action, Mr. Robert Murphy's American Baseball Guild seems to be the answer. There is no need for a player to fear reprisals for joining; Mr. Murphy is a former examiner of the National Labor Relations Board which boasts many no-hit contests with hard slugging industrialists.

Back in 1889 some players of the National League and of the old American Association formed a union called the Baseball Brotherhood. They thought the owners were making all the money, and wanted a little better cut. Among these "leftist agitators" were Connie Mack, John Ward of the Braves, and Charles Comiskey. Many of the same inequalities and abuses still exist; players aren't jumping to Mexico because they love travel. One of these days, fair play in baseball is going to delete the Reserve Clause and give a player his own choice of employer.

It's too bad Lincoln got shot; there are still slaves to be freed.



# SIGN POST

• The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered

## Artificial Insemination

*Discussion with friends has raised the question as to whether or not certain medical advisers conform with Catholic teaching when they recommend artificial insemination in cases of women who desire children but whose husbands are sterile.—A.L., JACKSON HEIGHTS, N.Y.*

It is with some hesitance that we discuss this subject in our column. After thinking over the situation, however, we have decided to put aside our reluctance and this mainly because artificial insemination has been brought before the public in popular magazines where it has been presented in a quite sympathetic manner. Doubtless many Catholics have read the articles, and we must presume that some at least have been led to believe that no moral issue is involved. In view of this, we take the present opportunity to present the Catholic attitude in reply to the above inquiry, which is typical of others we have received.

Historical investigation reveals that the idea and the practice of artificial insemination are not as new as recent articles on the subject might lead one to believe. The Arabians in the fourteenth century reported its use in the breeding of horses. In the same century, fish eggs were artificially fertilized. In the same century, Spallanzani succeeded in artificially fertilizing dogs. In 1776, John Hunter reported that he had obtained favorable results in the case of a woman. Dr. Sims made a similar report in 1866.

It is also well at this point to indicate that the present discussion excludes direct reference to the practice of artificial insemination in the case of animals. The principles of morality which we shall invoke as being applicable to human relationships do not extend to animals, and consequently there is no objection to the practice when it is confined to the animal kingdom.

To simplify the discussion of artificial insemination with reference to human beings, we must state a fundamental principle of Catholic moral teaching. This principle is that the natural law forbids a woman to receive into her body the seed of any man except that of her husband. In this statement we touch on the very foundation of marriage according to the natural law and Christian revelation. Marriage is a contract between a man and a woman, who are juridically capable of contracting marriage, by which each gives and accepts the perpetual and exclusive right to acts fitted for the generation of offspring. Marriage, contrary to certain modern notions on the subject, is not intended solely for the pleasure and wel-

fare of the particular men and women who enter into marriage contracts. There is a social aspect to it and this is all-important. While the welfare and happiness of the individuals who enter marriage cannot be ignored, the continuance and welfare of the race is the primary end of the institution of marriage. The race could be continued physically without marriage through promiscuous sex relations between men and women. But it is not only a question of physically begetting children but also of caring for them and fitting them for a place in society. The welfare of society demands that children be born only of a couple united in marriage, since only through the permanent co-operation of father and mother can offspring be properly reared. Here we have the ultimate reason for the importance of the family as a permanent and stable social unit, and also the reason for the social evil of anything that militates against the unity, stability, and permanence of family life.

It may appear that we have wandered somewhat from the question at issue. What has been said relative to the principles stated above is merely by way of calling to mind the manner of approach in discussing problems associated with sex, marriage, the family, divorce, birth control, and artificial insemination.

Sex is at the foundation of marriage and, as we said of marriage above, it is not primarily intended for the pleasure or welfare of individuals. How may individuals exercise sex functions in a legitimate manner? Only in marriage, for it is only in marriage that the primary end or purpose of sex, which is the continuance of the race, can be attained in a proper manner. For this reason a man and woman not married to each other commit a grave sin, a serious transgression of the law of nature, if they have sexual relations. The reason is that they are performing an act whose primary purpose is to beget a child, and this holds whether or not a child is actually conceived. The same principle condemns the action of an unmarried woman who submits to artificial insemination. She commits sin because she violates the principles upon which the welfare of society must rest, for she lends her body to the purpose of bringing a child into the world outside the family unit where alone in normal circumstances it can be reared properly. Putting it more technically, she sins against legal justice, which is that aspect of the virtue of justice which governs the relations of the individual and society.

Some sentimentalists may argue that the above line of reasoning is not valid because it may happen that an unwed mother will be in a better position than many married women



to take care of a child. Granting there are exceptions and that in individual cases a child might receive adequate care from one or both unmarried parents or even from those who are not his parents, nevertheless, the law of nature is not dispensed. The natural law is revealed in what ordinarily happens, not in extraordinary cases, and ordinarily the child who is not born of a stably established marriage will not receive a proper upbringing.

What of the married woman who, because of sterility on the part of her husband, submits to artificial insemination? Like the unmarried woman whose case we discussed above, such a wife sins against legal justice, for she puts her reproductive functions at the disposal of a man, whether she knows him or not, who is not her husband. She violates the welfare of the marriage state, of the family, and ultimately of society in general. She is in the same category as the married woman who commits adultery, and besides violating legal justice she sins also against commutative justice. Commutative justice is that aspect of the virtue of justice which governs the rights and duties involved in the dealings of one person with another. When a man and a woman marry, they enter into a contract which begets certain rights and duties. In the marriage contract, each party gives to the other the right to use his or her body in those mutual sexual relations which by their very nature are ordained to the reproduction of offspring. Corresponding duties are also assumed, but there is no need to treat them here as they are not so pertinent to the question at issue. The point to be emphasized here about the rights given and received in the marriage contract, is that they are exclusive, that is, given by one man to one woman and by one woman to the same man. That is why a woman who commits adultery offends commutative justice. By giving her body to the sexual use of some man besides her husband she violates the husband's exclusive right. The same violation of this exclusive right is involved in the case of artificial insemination, which is nothing more nor less than an attempt on the part of the wife, who has the right to be impregnated only by her husband, to have a child through the co-operation of a man who is not her husband.

Some may think that this evil is avoided if the husband should give consent. This consent would not essentially alter the case, for a husband cannot transfer his right to be the father of his wife's children to some donor of male reproductive elements any more than he can give another man the right to commit adultery with his wife. The rights given in the marriage contract are governed by the natural law and are not subject to the will or the wilfulness of the parties concerned. What they do in the marriage contract is to determine the specific individual to whom the marital right is given, and once the contract is validly entered into the right is mutual and exclusive until the contract is dissolved by death.

The articles we have read on the subject of artificial insemination all labor under the difficulty of trying to explain away or to gloss over what a normal person instinctively knows is an immoral practice. Rather inconsistently, we think, emphasis is placed on the fact that the woman who submits to the experiment does not have direct sexual union with the donor of the reproductive elements. Unless the principles which we have stated above govern sex morality, there should be no hypocritical squeamishness either about hiding the identity of the male donor or over the fact that he does not need to have sexual relations with the woman involved. Consistency on the part of the advocates of artificial insemination should make them frankly admit that the principles of animal husbandry are unreservedly applicable to human beings.

Before concluding we must refer, without expanding on them, to some other aspects of the problem which should be considered. We must not overlook the grave sins against purity involved in the usual methods of obtaining the re-

productive fluid which is to be transferred. Many legal and psychological consequences also suggest themselves as consequences of the unnatural practice.

### Test Tube Babies

*What is the Catholic Church's stand in regard to "test tube babies" in the case of a married couple?—M. S., MAT-TAPAN, MASS.*

We presume that the expression, "test tube babies," refers to artificial insemination, and so there will be no need to add anything on the aspects of the practice treated in the preceding question. On the other hand, it may be that the inquirer refers to the licitness in certain circumstances of a married couple's employing artificial means to assist in affecting a legitimate pregnancy. This would include cases where the failure to have children is not due to deficient fertility on the part of the husband but to some physical cause which impedes the normal processes antecedent to the union of the reproductive cells.

In such circumstances it is permissible to utilize whatever artificial aid medical science is able to supply by way of assisting the work of nature. It must be emphasized, however, that in such cases it is never allowed to use unnatural and improper methods to obtain the male spermatozoa. Such practices are wrong in themselves and they cannot become good by being used for a good and lawful purpose, which in the case under consideration would be the fecundation of a wife by a husband who has the right to do that very thing by virtue of the marriage contract. In other words, a good end does not justify the use of evil means.

We shall now sum up what has been stated in this and the preceding question. The type of artificial insemination which has been gaining popular notice of late is absolutely condemned according to the principles of Catholic teaching which is based on the natural and divine laws. This condemnation refers to single women submitting to the practice and also to married women, with or without the consent of their husbands, being impregnated by the seed of a man to whom they are not married. Besides the sins against justice which such practices involve, there are also to be considered the sins against purity associated with the usual methods of obtaining the male semen. Regarding Catholics and others who accept the principles of morality derived from the natural law and Christian revelation, the only type of artificial insemination, if it should be called that in view of the meaning recently attached to the term, can be briefly stated. If married couples who are unable to have naturally fertile marital relations wish to resort to a means that may artificially assist the process of impregnation, they may do so, provided there is no abuse of the sexual functions.

### Suppression of Jesuits

*Were the Jesuits once expelled from the Catholic Church and why?—J. W.*

Jesuits as individuals were not expelled from the Church, but in 1773 the Society of Jesus was suppressed by Pope Clement XIV.

We have not the space to give a detailed account of this temporary suppression of a religious order which had done so much for the Catholic Church. During the eighteenth century, the Jesuits were made the object of attack by the representatives of Jansenism, Gallicanism, and anti-Christian philosophy. The governments of Spain, Portugal, and France led the agitation for the suppression of the Jesuits, and finally after years of pressure on the Holy See, Pope Clement XIV issued the Brief of Suppression on July 21, 1773.

When considering this historical fact, it should be kept in

mind that the Society of Jesus, like every other religious order, exists only through the approbation of the Church. Consequently, if the authorities of the Church feel that the general interests of religion demand the suppression of a particular religious order, this can and should be done. In the matter of the suppression of the Jesuits, however, there was never a question of the Society or its members' having done anything to merit the condemnation of the Church. It was merely the case of a harrassed pope acting against his own convictions in the hope that yielding to the demands for the suppression of the Jesuits on the part of the Bourbon kings and their political and ecclesiastical creatures, would bring peace to the Church.

It was stipulated that the Brief be published and its contents communicated by the bishops to the Jesuits in their respective dioceses. Due to this method of promulgation, the Brief never had force in certain territories. Thus, in Russia and Prussia, the Jesuits continued in existence and so actually the Society was never entirely suppressed.

In the meantime, the forces that had been active in the demand for the suppression of the Jesuits were leading to the disruption of the whole civil order. The revolutionary outburst in France in 1789 led to the overthrow of every throne that had conspired against the Jesuits. Soon there were demands for the full re-establishment of the Society and this was done by Pope Pius VII on August 7, 1814.

### Origin of Protestantism

*I have been under the impression that Protestantism began when Henry VIII disagreed with the pope about divorce. Am I correct or is Protestantism older than that?*

—J. K. W., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Protestantism had its origin in Germany and was occasioned by the revolt of Martin Luther against the authority of the Catholic Church. Far from joining in this revolt, Henry VIII was shocked by the denials and criticism of Catholic doctrine on the part of Luther and his followers. On the occasion of the Bull, *Exsurge*, which excommunicated Luther in 1520, Henry composed a defense of Catholic doctrine which won for him from Pope Leo X the title, *Defensor Fidei* (Defender of the Faith). Strangely, this title is still used by the English kings though they take an oath on the occasion of their coronation that they are not even adherents, to say nothing about being defenders, of the Faith signified in the papal title.

The conflict between Henry and the Church came at a later date when the king determined to divorce his wife, Catherine, and marry Anne Boleyn. When he failed to bend the pope to his will in this matter, Henry set about making himself head of the church in England in spiritual as well as in temporal matters. This innovation was approved by parliament on November 3, 1534.

The breach with Rome could have been healed, and unity was actually re-established under Queen Mary. It was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth that the final and definite severance of the English Church from the center of Christian unity occurred.

### Saint Mildred

*Will you please tell me something about St. Mildred? Is there a life of this saint published?*—A.G., LINDEN, N.J.

There is not a great deal known about the life of St. Mildred. She was the daughter of St. Ermenburga and was educated in a convent in France. Upon her return to England, St. Mildred was vested in the religious habit by St. Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury. She entered the monastery over which her mother presided as abbess and upon the death of

her mother, became the abbess. A few years later, near the end of the seventh century, she died. Her relics were transferred to Canterbury in 1030. Her feast is observed on July 13.

The only treatise which we know of on the life of St. Mildred is a booklet published by the Catholic Truth Society of London.

### Genesis 38:7-10

*It is claimed that the passage of Genesis 38:7-10 when used by Catholics as a general argument against any form of contraception obviously involves a misinterpretation of the Bible story. Some, with whom I have argued on this point, maintain that God was displeased with Onan primarily not because of his method of contraception but because of his refusal to follow the ancient Hebrew moral code which required him to have children by his brother's widow.*—B. K., BALTIMORE, MD.

Her and Onan were brothers, sons of Juda. "And Juda took a wife for Her his firstborn, whose name was Tamar. And Her, the firstborn of Juda, was wicked in the sight of the Lord: and was slain by him. Juda therefore said to Onan his son: go into thy brother's wife and marry her, that thou mayest raise seed to thy brother."

The marriage of Onan was in accordance with the so-called levirate type, that is, the marriage between a widow, whose husband had died childless, and her brother-in-law. In fact such a widow was not allowed to marry a stranger unless the surviving brother-in-law formally refused to marry her. The firstborn son of a levirate union took the name of the deceased uncle instead of that of his father, and succeeded to the uncle's estate.

The conduct of Onan which brought upon him the punishment of God is thus recorded in Holy Scripture (Gen. 38:9-10): "He (Onan) knowing that the children should not be his, when he went into his brother's wife, spilled his seed upon the ground, lest children should be born in his brother's name. And therefore the Lord slew him, because he did a detestable thing."

The objection stated in the question is irrelevant to the point at issue. It is based on a very far-fetched interpretation and one in obvious conflict with the clear meaning of the text. It rests on a confusion between a wrongdoing and the motive for the same. For instance, a man may commit murder for a variety of motives, for revenge, to rob, and so forth. No matter what his motive may be, however, the murderer is guilty of a crime because he unjustly takes the life of another.

So in the case of Onan. He was married and he perverted the purpose of marriage. He did not have to marry Tamar but when he did he assumed the obligations of the marriage state. His motive for doing what he did, namely, "lest children be born in his brother's name," does not affect the intrinsic evil of his unnatural act. It is what he did, not why he did it, that is branded "a detestable thing."

### Religious Instruction by Mail

*I have heard that it is possible for non-Catholics to receive instructions in the Catholic religion by mail. Will you please give information on the availability of this correspondence course?*—O. C., NO. BERGEN, N. J.

A complete course of religious instruction in Catholic teaching may be obtained by writing to the Confraternity Home Study Service, 4422 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis, 8, Missouri. This course of instruction will be mailed free of charge to non-Catholics who apply for it. The course is neither long nor complicated, and affords an opportunity to investigate the teachings of the Catholic Church in the privacy of the home.

CAPTAIN JOHN COLE and old Zeke Daniels walked up the shaded, tree-lined hill of Elm Street in the dusk of evening. The trees, lacing together and whispering overhead, made the street seem like a great cathedral, but neither of them noticed it, for John Cole was striding rapidly, his eyes on the top of the hill, and old Zeke's white hair was bobbing unceremoniously over his collar as he strove to keep up. The town was quiet except for the clear ringing of hammers that drifted up the aisle of Elm Street from the pier where the shipfitters were making fast the last gear on the new ship *Hualco*, due to leave on the morning tide.

"She's a good ship, Captain," said old Zeke, alternately skipping and shuffling. "She'll be fast as a 'lectric eel, and she'll beat to windward when the gulls have gone to roost. John Cole, take your eyes off'n Betsy Turner's house. She won't have a sailor-man like you any more'n she ever would. Now, you listen to me, John."

John Cole had been listening to Zeke for most of his twenty-four years, but he always listened, for Zeke had been a great shipmaster himself once. John's blue eyes lost a little of their flatness behind his now perpetual squint. They came to life and sparkled as they looked down at Zeke, then back again to the white house at the top of the hill.

"I'm listening, Zeke," he said.

"An' danged good thing, too. Now, John, you been to sea thirteen years. You got you a new ship which purty near all the people in this town's got their money tied up in. Now, John, you fill her stomach full of nails and hardware and sich-like, and you take her up to California jist as fast as you kin drive her."

John's face was already seamed a little by the weather. It showed no expression, but his eyes still twinkled in the semidarkness as he looked at Zeke.

"Everybody's known for a month that I'd take the *Hualco* to California with building materials as soon as she was launched."

"Exactly so. Now, there's one thing to watch out for, John. Don't go down the Eastern Penobscot Passage. Five Belfast ships have stove up on that Saddle-back Ledge down there. It's just one pinnacle o' rock with deep water all around, an' nobody knows where it is."

"Yes, I know," said John, impatiently, anxious to reach the top of the hill. He saw that the lamps were not glowing yet in the front room of Betsy Turner's house, so she must be at the supper table still. Reluctantly, he slowed his pace. Old Zeke shuffled, skipped, and got back his breath.

"You drive a good bargain up there in California, John," he said. "Swap 'em about even for the nails, so's you kin fill



# TALL SPARS

By Paul T. Wentworth

AGAINST THE

her plumb up to the hatches with gold. Then you hike back here purty near lickety-split, an' the town of Belfast will thank you fur it, John Cole."

John noticed that the ringing of hammers no longer drifted up to him through the still air. That meant that the gear was all secured, the rigging fastened, and the ship ready for sea. Now he could use for other things that half of his mind which had been occupied with the ship. His mouth relaxed and he allowed it to half-grin at Zeke. A whole grin wouldn't do, for a sea captain must have a dignity above other men.

Zeke Daniels lifted his upper lip and spat. "You heed my words, John, an' your fust trip will be a ding-buster. And drive her, John Cole," he added, panting. "Drive her like you drive her comin' up this hill to Betsy Turner's house!"

"I'll drive her," John promised, his lips tightening at the thought. "I have a reason for driving her this trip."

He turned off Elm Street wondering if his reason would turn out to be a good one. With his hand on the gate, he paused, feeling a rare pang of fear as he looked at the pillared white house built by many voyages to China for tea. As he stood there, Betsy Turner came to the door. The lamp which she held cast golden shadows through the ringlets of her hair. Her eyes crinkled as she smiled, then slowly frosted over as she looked at him. He stood still and watched her for a moment without changing expression, memorizing her picture so he could call it to him out of the wind during the next year.

"I can hardly get used to you in beautiful white dresses down to your ankles," he said.





## Betsy Turner wouldn't marry a seafaring man. So in a way she was to blame for what happened

Illustrated by C. J. MAZOUJIAN

NSHE SKY

She gazed at him for a long minute without answering.

"It's no use, John," she said coolly. "This is your last night. Why don't you go and see Liz Forsythe or—or someone."

He advanced through the garden and stood on the step near her, planting his feet apart as though he were on a rolling deck.

"What are you talking about?" he said. His stomach started to tighten into a knot, for he feared and knew already. "What's no use, Betsy?"

"Oh, John," she said, her eyebrows knitting with sadness and anger as she looked at him. "I've tried to tell you in different ways ever since you've been—been courting me. I can't marry a seafaring man and that's final. I think it's much better that we understand it before you—you leave."

He reached out and grasped her arm. "Lookout Hill would be very pretty to-night. It's dusk and the elms are rustling, Betsy, just the way you like it." He pulled her off the step and started to drag her across the garden until she caught her footing and walked beside him, stiff and remote.

He held her arm tightly and they walked the shaded path up to Lookout Hill that rose from the southern edge of town. They stood there with the stars, looking down on the few lights of Belfast, on the dark, V-shaped harbor, and the velvet black of Penobscot Bay where it stretched away to the sea and the ends of the world.

John stood staring at the fine threads of ships' masts that spun cobwebs against the darkness of the sky. He pointed with his free arm.

"You can see her down there in the

"It's no use, John," she said.  
"You're trying to make me love that ship as you do."

harbor. You can see her spars against the sky. They're taller than all the rest."

"It's no use, John," she said, pulling her arm to see if he had let go, and hoping that he hadn't. "You're trying to make me love that ship as you do. I can't ever change my mind, John."

"She's fast, Betsy," he said, his voice deepening with intensity. "She'll bring me back quicker. If the market holds in California, my shares will mean good dividends." He paused, then added, as though they'd talked it over a dozen times, "Then we could get married and build us a house here on Lookout Hill."

"Yes," she said bitterly. "Then I could sit out the years in an upper window watching the empty sea and waiting for you to come home. Must you torment me with that, John? You know how much I want to. And you know that I can't marry you as long as you go to sea, John. I saw how Mother was for thirty years while Father was at sea. Never knowing when he'd come back; thinking about the storms and the uncharted reefs; not knowing if he'd come back at all."

He put his hands on her shoulders, pulling her close to him. "I just thought you might have changed your mind, Betsy," he said softly. "What's a ship but wood and canvas. I'm coming ashore after this trip. I'll buy into the shipyard with the profits I make. I'd still own part of the *Hualco*, and maybe I could take a short trip once in a while just to keep the feel of it. You wouldn't mind that, would you, Betsy?"

She lifted her eyes to him, wondering, and they sparkled through the tears that winked in the corners.

"Oh, John," she said. "Of course I wouldn't mind. You'd be home all the time!"

He put his big fist under her chin, tilting it up to be kissed.

"And hurry back, John," she said. "May it be very soon."

Captain Cole, feeling the ship begin to lift and fall a little under him as she left the harbor and took the swells of Penobscot Bay, picked up the log book and went on deck. He pulled his greatcoat closer about him against the morning chill. Mister Forsythe, the mate, came aft with a swagger in his walk.

"She's going to skitter along even quicker nor we expected, Sir." His hazelnut face beamed and he leaned back against the deckhouse beside the captain, admiring the huge spread of canvas above him.

"Mister Forsythe," the captain said, "make the first entry in the log, as follows: Full rigged ship *Hualco*, registered

Belfast, Maine. John Cole, Master. Jonathan Forsythe and Benjamin Churchill, mates. Crew, twenty-four Belfast men and two Nova Scotians.

"September 3, 1856. Maiden voyage. Weighed anchor for San Francisco at 5:20 A.M. Wind, moderate southwest by south, increasing. Sky, clear. Barometer, 29.72, rising. Cleared harbor buoy at 5:45 A.M.

"And now, Mister Forsythe, we'll take a long reach with the wind abeam past the head of Islesboro. With this wind, we'd lose time beating to the west, so we'll run the Eastern Passage and make our departure for sea."

Out of the corner of his eye, the captain noticed lanky Josh Newcombe at the wheel with his jaw sagging down to his chest. Three years before Josh had been wrecked and captured by cannibals on the coast of South America. Just before being cut up and stuffed in the pot, he was rescued by his shipmates. Ever since then, his face would become blank as a timberhead and his jaw would sag whenever things weren't going well. The captain used him for a weathervane of the crew's mood. Now the captain turned and walked over to the wheel beside Josh.

"What are you goggling about, Josh?" he asked.

"Well, John—er, Sir," Josh drawled, hoisting up his jaw from his chest. "They say it be mighty ornery luck to run the Eastern Passage settin' for sea. They's a deal o' good ships has scraped barnacles off'n their bottoms on Saddleback Laidge. It's the only laidge has deep water all around. They say it moves about an' gits in front of vessels settin' for sea. Some say . . ."

"That's enough," said the captain, turning back to the mate. "Lay your course down the Eastern Ship Passage, Mister Forsythe. And set the fore and main tops'ls."

The mates cleared the decks of all loose gear and set the men to battening down the hatches. They stowed the anchors and cables in the fore peak, since they would not be needed for another three months.

At 6:15 o'clock the sails sagged for a few minutes as the ship came under the lee of Turtle Head on Islesboro. As soon as they glided out from under the shadow of the island, however, the wind came fresh and strengthening out of the west southwest. It blew up a choppy sea and ruffled the tops of the swells until the sun shattered and split into a million glistening speckles of gold that shimmered and splashed through the tops of the dark blue waves.

"Mister Forsythe," the captain shouted. "Crack on more sail. Set the to'gallants'ls. She's stiff and able!"

"The to'gallants, Sir?" The mate's hazelnut face was expressionless. He believed in taking life and orders as they came—in everything except his daughter Liz, born on shipboard during a hurricane off Cape Hatteras. He was content to run out his days as mate of the *Hualco*, but he'd set his heart on marrying Liz to a shipmaster. John Cole was the only eligible one in Belfast. Their ship had to come back all in one piece. The mate shifted his quid of tobacco and wondered how to go about questioning an order. Finally he said, "She's not found herself, Sir. We're logging over nine knots now. Something would be bounden to fetch adrift."

The captain looked at the mate and the sailors standing behind him. He thought about the night before when he had walked up the hill in the dusk. *Drive her, John Cole. Drive her like you drive her comin' up this hill to Betsy Turner's house. And hurry back, John. May it be very soon.*

"Crack on sail, Mister," he said. "To'gallants and mizzen tops'l."

At eight thirty-five they had passed North Haven Island, Vinalhaven was broad on the starboard beam, and they could see a clear stretch of the Atlantic where it rolled up over the world.

By nine o'clock they had the topgallant sails set. The wind had steadied and the ship, headed up to a close reach, drove down the Eastern Passage going twelve knots with a bone in her teeth. The captain stayed on deck for a few minutes. Then, satisfied with the rush and drive, the clean sweep she was making through the water, he went below.

Away from the deck where he could see the beauty of her, he sobered as he remembered that this would be his last voyage. Cows and chickens, saws and hammers, would have to replace the great power and exhilaration of a ship plunging half across the world.

At twenty past nine he looked up from his writing. Something was different. Something had changed in the last few minutes. There was still the same slapping and hissing of the boat going through the water. The whisking of the wind through the rigging had not changed. Perhaps he felt some change in the vibration of the boat's planking itself that was as unvibrating as his own face. If his thoughts had run that way he would have said that a ship is a living thing. If you powder and primp her, she'll come alive and show you the difference between sailing and really going with all her ship's heart in it. He shouted up through the companionway to the mate by the wheel.

"Mister Forsythe, she's not going. What's the matter with her?"

The mate looked at the taffrail log where it trailed a long line over the stern with a spinner on the end. He glanced up, surprised.

"You're right, Sir," he said. "We're doing just a mite better than eleven knots. It's the new rigging—stretched out like a piece o' gossip." He paused, wondering, perhaps, when the gossip would link his daughter Liz with the shipmaster. "I'll trim the sheets at once, Sir, unless you'd just as leave let her luff a little and not go quite so lickety-split?"

The captain stared up through the companionway, his lips compressing again. *Drive her, John Cole, drive her. And hurry back, John.*

"Trim those sheets, Mister. And step lively!" He sat down and resumed his writing.

Suddenly the lookout shouted. His voice rose to a high pitch and quavered. The men of the watch glanced up at him, wide-brimmed straw hats pushed back on their heads. The mate jumped up, staring ahead. He ran to the wheel and spun it hard over.

## Stubborn

► It was important that she get in touch with a James Brown at his office. Quickly dialing the number, she heard a man's voice. Before she had a chance to speak, the question came: "Who's calling?"

"Watt."

"What is your name, please?"

"Watt's my name."

"That's what I asked you. What is your name?"

"That's what I told you. Watt's my name."

A long pause, and then, from Miss Watt. "Is this James Brown?"

"No, this is Knott."

"Please tell me your name."

"Will Knott."

Whereupon they both hung up.





Rowing strongly but more slowly, they passed the head of Islesboro late in the afternoon

The ship hit the ledge exactly and drove over it going twelve knots. Her bottom was knocked out and she sank by the head in twenty minutes.

The captain stood in the stern of the plunging longboat holding automatically to the steering oar. He still held the logbook and ship's papers tightly under his left arm. He bent down and stowed them carefully under the after seat in the small boat where they would not be wet by the sheets of spray. Without thinking what he was doing he gave orders to commence rowing. He leaned against the steering oar and swung the boat until she was quartering down the waves in a north northwesterly direction. The motion of the boat became easier as she swung downwind. Each wave picked her up and skidded her along a little further. The captain looked at the other boat in charge of the mate a hundred yards away. He shouted across to him to lay a course for Belfast and keep the two boats together. He hardly knew he had spoken and was surprised to hear the mate's gruff answering, "Aye, aye, Sir."

THE captain knew nothing but the sight of his men rowing and the rolling water. He had picked himself up from the cabin floor when she struck. The noise of roaring water was already loud beneath the deck. His main memory was the look of hurt surprise on the mate's full, brown face. Then chips had run up and reported four feet of water in the pumps already. The captain had told the mate to clear the hoists and lower the boats. He had had the deck watch back the sails on the mainmast so she wouldn't sail herself right under water.

The captain had seen Josh Newcombe hugging the steering post with both his skinny arms, eyes blank and jaw down to his chest again. He was staring beyond the ship at something horrible

that the others couldn't see. The captain had lifted Josh to his feet. "Let's go for a little row, Josh," he had said, giving the man a gentle push toward the lifeboat. "Then we'll sleep in our own beds at home tonight. How'll that be?" Josh's blank eyes had unfixed themselves from the bleak island to starboard. "Sure be fine, Captain," he said. Instead of getting into the boat he had lent a hand at the ropes. One man had staggered across the deck carrying his sea chest, container of all his possessions, to the longboat. No room for that with fifteen men to a boat. The captain had grabbed it and heaved it upside.

With all the men stowed in the two boats, the captain had run below, grabbed his pelorus and chart, and returned to the rapidly listing deck. "Mister Forsythe," he had shouted, "write down these bearings." The men's looks had showed plainly that they thought he was crazy to be doing navigation in home waters on the deck of a sinking ship. He had squatted over the compass, taken sights on the visible landmarks, shouting them to the mate: "Brimstone Island, west by north; Western Ear Ledge, east southeast,  $\frac{1}{2}$  south; The Brown Cow Ledge, north by east  $\frac{1}{4}$  north."

Now, in the longboat, headed toward Belfast, the captain gazed far back to where the water receded into the horizon. His boasting words came back to him, *Great spars against the sky that are taller than all the rest.*

The men were rowing evenly now. Their faces were steady, registering nothing but the intricate cobweb lines that had been beaten into them by years of weather. They might have been heaving at the anchor winch or stowing cargo for all that showed. Those who were rowing, were heaving strongly with long, hard pulls at the oars. The others sat immovably, looking at nothing. Nobody spoke for a long time.

Seth Hutchins wrinkled his brow. "I lost my sea hat," he said tragically. "Did anyone see my straw hat?" He looked around accusingly as though someone had probably taken it for a joke.

The captain swayed with the pitch of the boat. He looked at the fifteen men moving forward and back before him. They knew how to figure. With the favorable wind and tide they would be home in the early evening. *It's dusk and the elms are rustling, John. May it be very soon.*

HE pulled his coat closer and leaned on the thwart to keep his balance. The wind had blown up a big, bay chop, short and steep. The wave crests were just about as far apart as the length of the boat. She would slush down across their cold blue fronts and settle in between them until the next one caught her. Spray and green water came aboard spasmodically. It ran down into the bottom and gurgled and washed about with the motion of the boat. They took turns bailing at intervals with a bucket.

The captain gazed past the rowers toward the head of Islesboro Island. It was still a good three hours away. He shifted his position and swung the boat a little. *The trip should be worth considerable. Purty near all the people in this town's got their money tied up in it. You hike back here lickety-split and the whole town of Belfast will profit and thank you fur it, John Cole.* He leaned heavily on the steering oar and it felt like a twelve-foot log of timber in his hands.

Rowing strongly but more slowly, they passed the head of Islesboro late in the afternoon. The captain heard himself order the rowers to ship their oars and change places with those who had been resting. It was the seventh time they had spelled each other.

Josh Newcombe spoke to the man



## Handle With Care!

► Bill Sprague, who used to run a general store at Croyden Corners, set off for New York one day to order some merchandise. He sent the goods home, but lingered in the city to do some sightseeing.

The enormous packing case was picked up at the depot and hauled to the general store by the local teamster. Mrs. Sprague, who had come out to watch the unloading, took one look, screamed, and collapsed.

"What's the matter, ma'am?" the truckman cried.

With trembling hand, Bill's wife pointed to the packing case. On it was printed in large, black letters "BILL INSIDE."



next to him, raising his voice so the captain would be sure to hear.

"Saddleback Laidge ain't charted," he said. "It wa'n't nobody fault."

"Those who had money in her won't stop to care about that," said Enoch Ginn.

The dusk deepened until little flickering phosphorescent slashes appeared on each side of the boat with every stroke of the oars.

"I don't aim to stay home long," said Seth Hutchins. "Just get me a new hat and sign on that vessel leavin' Searsport day after tomorrow."

"Unless they figger you for a Jonah," said Walter Ginn, his aching fingers looking like white ribs on the oar. "My wife'll cross to the other side of the street when she sees me comin'."

The captain jerked savagely on the steering oar. "There'll be plenty of others that'll walk on the other side of the street," he said harshly. He wondered if he could get a berth as ordinary seaman on that ship in Searsport. Most likely they wouldn't want to take him, though. He wanted to ask Seth how many bunks were open on her, but he was still in command until the small boats reached the dock, and the role of shipmaster was one of dignity and aloofness.

They passed the Belfast Channel buoy and headed up the V-shaped harbor. Enoch Ginn looked up from the water that swished darkly past the boat's sides.

"From the way you're all pullin', you'd figger we had some reason for gettin' home quick," he said. "Why don't we stop and fish for a while. Give us something to show the shareholders for their money."

They pulled up to the float at the Belfast landing, the mate's-boat just behind in the semidarkness. Passing the head of the dock, several people stopped and stared curiously. The men shipped oars and tied up. The captain arose stiffly, looked about him as if suddenly

awakened, and strode up the gangway. Enoch Ginn glanced up from the line he was making fast.

"Good night, Captain," he said, his voice friendly.

Mister Forsythe was anxious to get home to his daughter, now that his duties were over. He called after the captain, "I'll take care of the boats in the morning, Sir."

Without answering, the captain walked through the small, silent crowd and started up Elm Street in the dusk of evening. He heard the great trees whispering above him and felt the sweet softness of the night, even as it had been many times before. *Lookout Hill would be very pretty tonight, John.*

A few moments after he left the dock, a small boy, one of Les Daniels' kids, ran past him up the street like a stone out of a slingshot. Two others followed him, shouting to all the town:

"The *Hualco's* just been sunk! She stove up on the Saddleback! They just got back in the boats!"

The captain turned in the door to the dingy custom house office, almost running into old Zeke Daniels who was shuffling and skipping down the street as fast as he could go. Old Zeke put a hand on his shoulder and walked into the office with him.

"I just heered about it, John," he said. "I'm shore upset to learn it. If them fool guv-ment people would only locate that laidge an' put her on the chart it would save a deal o' good ships."

"I located her, Zeke," said John. He made out his report of the sinking, then fished from his pocket another piece of paper. "There's the exact position of Saddleback Ledge," he said to the clerk on duty. "You better notify the shipping and get it on the charts right away." He clamped on his hat and walked out the door, only nodding to old Zeke because he had in him no more words.

"Well, by all the blue blazes," said old Zeke. "He must o' done some tall

traipsin' around to fix a position like that with his ship a-sinkin' under him, and the fish a-nippin' at his heels."

John went up the hill of Elm Street and turned down the dark road to his father's house. He was glad that the lamps weren't lit, for that meant that his father was out and he wouldn't have to talk to anyone. Once inside, he took off his wet boots and sat down in front of the dying fire, resting his head on his arms. The length of the day whirled and pinwheeled through his head, and he felt as though he were a million miles away on some other planet looking down on a strange place called Belfast where little creatures called men became enmeshed in the tentacles of the lives they spun for themselves.

When the knock came on the door, he thought he might have been asleep. Automatically he got up to answer the summons.

Betsy Turner stood there in the darkness, her eyes wide, her breath coming short and fast. He stood and stared at her.

"Well," she said. "I thought I might be invited in."

"It wouldn't be seemly for you," he answered at last. "No one is home."

"I guess it's all right for two people who are engaged," she said with her mouth breaking into a sort of a smile, her eyes going over and over him. "Oh, John," she cried, stretching out her hands toward him. "I'm so glad you're back and all right."

HE backed off a step or two ignoring her hands. "Yes, I'm back: I suppose I'm all right, too," he said, letting his eyes hide behind squinted lids. "You get your wish: I can't ever get another ship—I'm on shore for good now." He paused, then went on with a rush, his voice rasping, "Of course there's a difference—no profits, therefore no house on the hill, and no shipyard. You don't need to think you're held by anything we said before. That's all off."

"Oh, no, John," she cried. "They're already talking about how many Belfast ships will be saved because they know where the ledge is now. You'll get another ship, John." She dropped her hands, then folded them in front of her and lowered her head so that he couldn't see her face. "And—and I've been thinking about it, John. You don't belong on shore. I know now, you're a seafaring man. John, I've decided I don't want to be just a—a nobody. I want to be a shipmaster's wife. . . ."

She looked up at him and the firelight flickered gold through her hair. He forgot to squint his eyes and they began to crinkle as he stared at her. She stood in front of him, breathing fast.

"Lookout Hill would be very pretty tonight, John."



Brigadier General Joseph Keenan

# A Labor Mission to the New Germany

By HARRY C. HERMAN

GERMAN labor today is again a battleground.

For while the dreaded Panzer and the frightfulness of Hitler have been momentarily subdued, there still continues the unceasing struggle of totalitarianism and force against spiritualism and democracy.

That the death-dealing Bazooka had only been replaced by the flame-throwers of Red Fascism was a recall to the colors for Brigadier General Joseph Keenan to bring democratic order out of the German Trade Union chaos.

Keenan, in private life a top-flight AFL leader and Secretary of the Chicago Federation of Labor, accepted the post of labor adviser to General Clay last January, with extreme reluctance, and only after high Washington officials had pointed out to him the real emergency of the German Trade Union crisis.

What he actually wanted to do was to return home and resume his long-interrupted trade-union career. For after six years of exhausting and brilliantly successful work in Washington throughout the war period, first as labor adviser to

the OPM, and later as associate director and vice chairman of labor production of WPB, Keenan felt that he had earned his honorable discharge. And then unexpectedly, this assignment to serious adventure, dictated by conscience, zoomed up to detour his plans. And so, last January, he found himself speeding, not to Chicago, but flying over the Atlantic to the heart of troubled Germany.

In Munich, the sad symbol of world appeasement, General Keenan grimly rolled up his sleeves, for Joe Keenan, up from America's labor ranks the hard way, was Irish.

He knew his enemies. Confusion, despair—and a revived totalitarianism.

Americans, with their habit of stabilized economic life, could little comprehend the almost inhuman chaos which reigned in Germany at the conclusion of hostilities.

Human beings, after years of burrow-

like, fear-haunted existence, came above ground again to breathe the unaccustomed atmosphere of safety. Their homes (70 per cent of them) were heaps of tragic rubble. The rubble was also in their minds, as they faced fearsomely the task of reconstructing their broken lives, and their institutions.

For all practical purposes, organized institutional life in Germany was nonexistent as the military moved in. Twelve years of Hitlerism had blotted out virtually every trace of the accustomed free organizational life of the German people. The habit of acting together—as responsible, self-directing beings persisted only as a memory. Traces of the old democratic Germany of pre-1933 were perceptible here and there, but they were buried deep beneath the new and automatic patterns of totalitarianism. It was the duty of the new American administration to quicken these almost forgotten free political instincts into life. It was cruelly, dishearteningly difficult.

This was the tragic backdrop against which Joe Keenan and the other devoted missionaries for a new democracy in Germany found themselves working.

What made their task doubly heavy

**A major job is to  
combat totalitarian forces in  
German labor unions**

was that they had to create not only institutions: they had also to create will.

Central in the task of building a democratic Germany was the reconstruction of the blotted-out, pre-Hitler trade-union movement. And right here, the Office of Military Government found itself running up squarely against a new and formidable totalitarianism—revived German Communism.

It was inevitable that Communism should come in sharp conflict with the American occupation officials as soon as they faced each other on the labor field. For while the United States was looking toward a democratic German trade unionism controlled by a self-active rank and file, Russia's German admirers were hoping for a highly centralized union which could easily lend itself to top control by a pro-Russian minority.

Before the Military Government had even surveyed its task, the Stalinites were already full-launched on a planned, blueprinted drive to take over the new unions. They had established their cadres among the newly liberated workers. They were depending confidently upon the confusion and the mistaken "liberalism" of many of the inexperienced American officials to assure them the right of way in their schemes.

As a first step toward their objective, they had entrenched themselves in the moment of conquest by gaining control, in many places, of the newly emerged German underground. As in France, they hoped to make the underground the transitional authority to the new civilian regime which the American forces would set up. In the underground, they had worked out an ambitious plan for reorganization of the American zone trade unions, of course under Communist leadership, or directing influence.

To understand this peculiar difficulty which confronted the Military Government in the field of unionism, it is necessary to recall the unique conditions which prevailed in the German trade-union field before Hitler.

German pre-Hitler unionism was drenched in partisan politics: one of the primary reasons for Hitler's easy triumph had been this dog-eat-dog rivalry between German workers over the incessant conflicts of politics.

In the Communist plan this pre-Hitler political worker division was to be revived, with the Communists, as the better organized and most militant of the postwar political groups, easily dominating the show.

Favoring Communist plans was the existence of the traditional "Works Councils" in the larger German plants, throughout the four zones. These Works Councils, which have no precise American counterpart, are plant-wide collective-bargaining committees, elected on a proportional-representation basis, with all types of unions participating. In pre-Hitler days, such councils had been habitually constituted with Social Democrats, Christian Socialists, and even Communists sitting on the councils in proportion to their relative strength among the employees.

Such a system constituted at best a dangerous mixture of politics and trade unionism. Under postwar conditions in the American zone, it would mean, and as far as the Communists are concerned, was intended to mean, Communist minority control of the new unions.

General Keenan quickly flanked this political ambush. In his distrust of a politicalized unionism, his long career as an American Federation of Labor leader had been a fitting preparation.

In America, Keenan had seen the AFL grow to immense and responsible social power through the strict observance of the rule of "no politics." In the AFL unions, he had seen Democrats, Republicans, and Socialists parking their political differences outside the door of the union hall, and working nonpartisanly for common union objectives. He had learned to regard such nonpartisanship as the safeguard of democracy in the union. And as far as it

could be adapted to German patterns and industrial conditions, he hoped to create in the American zone a new German unionism which would be the counterpart of our American unions.

Under his guidance the newly revived "Works Councils" were carefully steered away from the political danger.

The proportional-representation system of election by political slates was rejected. Workers were chosen to sit on the councils, by simple majority rule, on the basis of their proved worth as trade unionists, and not as stooges of outside parties. The Communist hope of a "bloc" system in the councils which would lend itself to the purposes of political bargaining and manipulation was shattered.

**A**N EVEN greater task awaited the Military Government in setting up the structure of the local, regional, and zone units which should constitute the permanent trade-union movement.

Here much had already been done by the spontaneous action of the workers. General Eisenhower's broadcast of April 1945 calling upon German workers to help him in winning the war had been the first call to unionization. Immediately upon occupation, the Military Government had lost no time in issuing an invitation to German workers to reconstitute their unions in every occupation. Haltingly at first, but with increasing enthusiasm, workers who had not faced each other as free unionists throughout the long night of Hitlerism, began to set up their organizations.

To supply leadership, the occupation authorities combed the concentration camps and hiding places of the zone for surviving pre-Hitler trade-union officials. Social Democrats and Christian Socialists who had been gagged and tortured for twelve years strove to regain their voices. New grass-roots local unions at last began to function.

At first, such organizations were sharply limited in their initiative, and all major questions were referable to the Manpower Division of the Military Government. In December 1945, shortly before Keenan's coming, the authority of these new bodies was extended by granting them the right to elect their own local officers.

To energize such new locals and to federate them together into regional, nonpolitical, democratic central bodies were the primary tasks which Keenan set for himself. Approximately 800,000 German workers were banded together in the unions of the three regions (or *Laender*) into which the American zone has been divided—(1) Bavaria (2) Wurttemberg-Baden (3) Greater Hesse. As rapidly as order can be brought out of the confusion of their early organization and functioning, such locals are being



At Berlin's May Day parade—the Miners' Federation with "axes of office"





*Germany's youth, long drilled in Nazism, is easily led into Red Fascism*

encouraged to undertake the structure of a federated unionism.

On April 12, 1946, this task had progressed far enough to permit the holding of a historic zone-wide conference in Wurtemberg, which was attended by union representatives from each *land*. There was drama in this conference. Here, for the first time in thirteen years of oppression, German workers, smiling through tears, met each other again as free, functioning trade-union officers. The conference had a far-reaching, stimulative influence on the whole union program. Kinks which had begun to appear in the new policies were eliminated. The foundation was laid for the first task of the new unions, which is to set up *Land-wide* central union bodies.

Following the April meeting, three *Land-wide* conferences have now been held. On June 13, a conference attended by five hundred delegates was held in Munich and was broken down into panels representative of each of the four-teen crafts or industries which were present. Temporary officers, on a Bavaria-wide basis, were chosen for each of these industry groups.

Both in Greater Hesse and in Wurtemberg-Baden similar meetings have subsequently been held and the machinery of *Land-wide* union organization launched.

All these moves are, of course, preliminary steps toward the eventual objective of a zone-wide labor federation. While timetables are subject to unexpected interruptions in the disturbed climate of an occupied nation, such a zone-wide central body is expected to be constituted by September 1946. The new union movement will at last find itself a functioning zone reality.

Beyond the American zone, of course, arises the question of the possibility of an All-Germany Four-Zone labor federation. Such a goal is admittedly far off, so long as Russia maintains its iron curtain and its totalitarian policy in the

great zone which lies, apparently permanently, under her rule. But a partial achievement of this purpose is possible.

In the British zone, much the same effort to achieve a democratic trade unionism is now in progress, with perhaps slightly more reliance upon Social Democrats, as might be expected under the present British Labor Government. If the projected economic integration of the zones is accomplished, the constitution of a jointly administered democratic trade-union body for both American and British areas is probably not far ahead, with the later inclusion of the French zone as an eventual prospect.

The trade-union structure which is now arising in the Soviet zone, with its monolithic, top-appointed hierarchy of Communists and Communist-stooge officialdom, is so different from the free unionism which is being created by the Americans and British, that the likelihood of an amalgamation into a single Germany-wide labor movement is a remote and distant hope. But America is going forward in the inspiring hope that the example of a democratic trade-union movement outside the iron curtain will give heartfelt encouragement to those who live under the Red Army.

But dark realities still confront this hope for the German labor movement. And one fact which is inescapably clear is that the German unions must have the constant sympathy and awareness of American public opinion if they are to fight through to maturity.

An ominous feature of the labor situation in the American Zone, as throughout Germany, is the curious attraction Communism has for youth. The leaders from pre-Hitler Germany whom the Military Government has brought back into trade-union work, although all tested by the Hitler fire, are not young. They are tired men, many of them in their sixties. Their contacts with the generation of German youth, which constituted the Nazi core, are not close.

Communism, however, with its power and totalitarian pattern so closely resembling Nazism, easily draws the young Hitlerites of yesterday. In a contest between age and youth, the disadvantage must always lie with age. A prime task, as General Keenan saw it, in Germany is to draw the youth elements increasingly into the picture of the new democratic, non-Communist order.

Another crushing obstacle to quick-gaited union action has been the actual lack of the bare physical necessities of a functioning unionism. It is difficult for Americans to appreciate the utter bankruptcy of present life in Germany. Much of the time of the Manpower Division has been taken up in such routine tasks as securing office space, typewriters, telephones, travel permits, and facilities for the use of union officers. It has even been found necessary, in the case of concentration-camp veterans, enfeebled by past privations, to rebuild them physically for their tasks by special ration provisions. Incidentally, to supplement what the Military Government can do in this respect, AFL and other unions in this country are now taking the laudable steps of adopting groups of these new German union leaders, to receive regularly food and clothing packages and needed union paraphernalia from America.

On the other hand, the outstandingly encouraging factor which General Keenan found in his mission was the wholehearted support which is coming to the occupational authorities from the churches. American democratic rule in Germany is being erected upon the foundation of church and Social Democratic co-operation. And in the American Zone, with its predominantly Catholic population, the great support of the Church has probably been the outstanding defense line in the face of the present Communist *Putsch*.

General Keenan, lifelong realist that he is, brings back to America no illusions concerning the continuing difficulties which face the newly weaned German unions.

**I**F THE German unions are to become something more than a Maginot Line, if they are to become democratic functional bulwarks of the new Germany, they must have something beyond the mere wishful thinking of the American people. They must have active and continuing reinforcements from the American churches and unions during this early testing period.

The hope for a democratic and spiritual Germany which General Keenan and other American representatives have made possible is a living challenge to the American people. It is particularly a challenge and an opportunity for American Catholics.



Rosalind Russell, shown with Doreen McCann, is the famous Australian nurse in the film, "Sister Kenny"

### Crusade and Controversy

The valiant, untiring efforts of the famed foe of infantile paralysis receive cinematic recognition in *SISTER KENNY*, the biography of the Australian nurse who has devoted her life to the battle against the dreadcrippler. However, just as her method of treatment has aroused heated discussion in medical circles, the film will probably provoke controversy in its frank castigation of orthodox medical practices.

As portrayed in this scenario, written by Miss Kenny in collaboration with novelist Martha Ostenso, the thirty-five-year fight against acceptance of the Kenny Method is basically one of staid conservatism versus progressive experimentation. The voices raised in opposition to wider use of her method were not those of the patients helped by its application, but those of orthopedic specialists, who hesitated to experiment when limbs and lives were at stake.

In the film, the lines are clearly drawn with the sympathy obviously channeled to Elizabeth Kenny, but in the closing scene acknowledgment is made of the integrity and honesty of the medical profession. The issue itself is far too technical and too important for a layman to pass judgment, and, unfortunately, in its zeal to pay just respects to Sister Kenny, the picture often does just that.

From the entertainment standpoint, the picture retains its hold on the audience primarily through the brilliant interpretation presented by Rosalind Russell. Heretofore outstanding as a sophisticated comedienne, she surprises with a performance of considerable emotional power and great sincerity. Alexander Knox is equally fine, and Dean Jagger is believable as the fiancé who bows out of the picture so that Nurse Kenny may devote her entire time to the crusade against paralysis.

In its semidocumentary classification, this is a highly laud-

# Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

able and praiseworthy effort, which should do much to stimulate the average person to a greater realization of the importance of the campaign. Whether the final blows are struck by Sister Kenny or her doubters is unimportant. That more strenuous efforts by the medical profession and laymen alike are urgently necessary is the message of this absorbing motion picture which should be seen by all. (RKO-Radio)

### Reviews in Brief

*TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST* doesn't measure up to expectations despite the presence on the credit list of such reliables as director John Farrow, actors Barry Fitzgerald, Alan Ladd, Brian Donlevy, and William Bendix. Based on the Dana novel, the film is pictorially effective, though dramatically weak, as it retells the familiar story of the *Pilgrim's* voyage around Cape Horn. Suitable for the family's next movie excursion, it will undoubtedly find favor with the youngsters, grown-ups not overly captious in their appraisals, and the NMU. (Paramount)

The charm and whimsy of George Seaton's *Fantasy*, *But Not Good-by*, has been replaced by a combination of burlesque and slapstick in the movie version, retitled *THE COCKEYED MIRACLE*. Laughs substitute for sentiment occasionally teetering on the borderline of good taste. The result is amusing material for those adults who prefer wise-



Domestic bliss is not a continuous state for "Claudia and David," played by Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young

cracks to subtle humor. Frank Morgan overacts badly, but Keenan Wynn compensates with a splendid comedy portrayal and Gladys Cooper, Cecil Kellaway, Richard Quine, and Marshall Thompson help out. (MGM)

**BLUE SKIES** has Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, a long list of Irving Berlin tunes, gay Technicolor daubing, and little else. Connoisseurs of the musical movies will probably overlook the absence of a plausible story and accept its shortcomings in the face of such undeniable assets as the Crosby crooning, the Astaire acrobatics, and the Berlin ballads. Joan Caulfield is on hand for decorative purposes, and Bill DeWolf supplies a few hilarious moments in this expensively routine serenade for adults. (Paramount)

Merriment and murder are harmoniously blended in the amusingly hectic **HOME SWEET HOMICIDE**, in which a trio of mischievous moppets play havoc with all concerned in a crime investigation. Peggy Ann Garner, Connie Marshall, and Dean Stockwell (the *Green Years* lad) are natural and enjoyable as the amateur sleuths, while Lynn Bari, Randolph Scott, and James Gleason carry on valiantly in face of the overwhelming competition. This lightweight frolic is for the entire family. (20th Century-Fox)

Characterization, rather than action, is stressed in the sprawling Technicolor Western, **CANYON PASSAGE**. Oregon, in the pioneer days, serves as a stunning backdrop for a fragmentary yarn that leans heavily on performance and pictorial values to carry it along. Dana Andrews is especially effective, with Brian Donlevy, Andy Devine, Ward Bond, Susan Hayward, and Patricia Roc, whose British accent is rather startlingly incongruous in such a role, on hand to bolster the plot. A hybrid production hovering between the promise of lusty adventure and the lavishness of a Ziegfeld festival, it has been designed for adults who seek ruggedness in their movie fare. (Universal)

**RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE** is a mediocre comedy with sparsely scattered hilarity and the work of Eddie Albert, Gail Patrick, and Faye Marlowe as assets. Counterbalancing the good features, a routine story and careless direction relegate this into the second-choice category for mature moviegoers. (Republic)

Rose Franken's popular characters, **CLAUDIA AND DAVID**, go through the motions of a domestic upheaval in this latest episode of their romantic adventures. Dorothy

McGuire and Robert Young manage to make the stereotyped personalities seem more cerebral than the Franken pen ever permitted, and in this little charade they have staunch and capable assistance from Mary Astor, Gail Patrick, John Sutton, and other troupers. Wholesome and interesting, it can be recommended for every age group, but particularly for adults addicted to slick-paper love stories. (20th Century-Fox)

Concentrating its attention on the evils of gambling, **LADY LUCK**, inconsistently and characteristically, overlooks an even greater menace in its casual acceptance of divorce. Essentially a featherweight story, it is aided but little by the unenthusiastic emoting of Robert Young, Barbara Hale, James Gleason, and particularly Frank Morgan, who seems determined to capture all honors as Hollywood's worst actor. A mediocre offering in every respect. (RKO-Radio)

Mounted with rarely equalled lavishness, **CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA** adds up to little more than an eye-filling extravaganza, strong on splendor but weak on many other moviemaking necessities. Dazzling display and acting geared to the spectacular overshadow the George Bernard Shaw theme, only occasionally permitting the Shavian dialogue to shine through the glitter of the panoramic excitement. Claude Rains is a fiercely imperial and highly successful Caesar, but Vivien Leigh still seems to be playing Scarlett O'Hara, though she has discarded the "you-all." Francis Sullivan makes Ptolemy effective and Stewart Granger does well as Appollodorus. This British production, with a scenario by Shaw and impeccable production by Gilbert Pascal, is more spectacular than stimulating. The Ringling Brothers are probably gnashing their molars in envy! (United Artists)

That childhood classic, **BLACK BEAUTY**, has been revived without being revised, for which audiences of every age can be grateful. Written, directed, and played with the simple sincerity and earnestness which has made the Anne Sewell book a favorite with youngsters since 1879, the story of a girl and her horse is an unassuming and completely captivating picture patterned for young and old alike. Mona Freeman, in her first important assignment, is pleasantly natural, while Charles Evans, J. M. Kerrigan, Richard Denning, Evelyn Ankers, Moyna Magill, and Terry Kilburn are alert and able supporters. A friendly, appealing, and refreshing reintroduction to an old favorite, it is recommended highly for the family. (20th Century-Fox)

Political life is given a humorous going-over in **THE**



Young Dean Stockwell is an amateur sleuth and the son of Lynn Bari in the amusingly hectic "Home Sweet Homicide"



Hoagy Carmichael, Dana Andrews, and Susan Hayward in "Canyon Passage," tale of pioneer days in Oregon



**DARK HORSE**, a timely tale about a vet who attempts to buck the firmly entrenched, corrupt machine. Though the real life David is not always successful in trouncing the political Goliath, in reel life it's very simple. Aspirants for public office won't learn any tricks of the trade, but the average fun-seeker will find it mildly amusing, even if it is as familiar as your shaving brush. Donald McBride is the best member of a cast that also includes Allen Jenkins, Phil Terry, and Ann Savage. (Universal)

**SLIGHTLY SCANDALOUS** is familiar to the point of boredom as it rollicks along, retelling plot Number 26573. It seems there were twins and two girls and a television show that had to be put on for no apparent reason and all the usual frenzies associated with these matinee frolics. Despite the saucy title, you may send Junior and his friends. Fred Brady, Sheila Ryan, and Walter Catlett scramble frantically for the acting honors, with Brady doing double duty as the twins. (Universal)

Hollywood has decided to pay its tribute to Al Jolson with a tuneful, Technicolor biography rich in sentiment and music. **THE JOLSON STORY** benefits considerably by the presence of Larry Parks who impersonates the "Mammy" singer with warmth and skill. In addition there is a pleasant little story built around the career of the cantor's son who became a national favorite. As is usual in these contemporary biographettes, the career angle is followed faithfully, but the personal life portion is almost unrecognizable. The many production numbers are handled with usual West Coast lavishness. We've yet to discover a New York theater capable of housing some of the gargantuan displays passed off as commonplace second-act finales. Evelyn Keyes, William Demarest, Ludwig Donath, and Edgar Buchanan are among the film's assets. Adults who recall the heyday of the indefatigable Jolson will find this musical biography satisfactory entertainment. (Columbia)

Strong in its musical moments, but weak during its story passages, **I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU** is limited in its pretentious appeal. Many of the situations are implausible and the film's interminable length accentuates the defects, whereas a general streamlining might have effected a cure. Arturo Rubinstein dubbed in the piano interludes, featuring selections from Bach, Liszt, Rachmaninoff, and Wagner, which should at least please those lovers of classical music who have long complained of Hollywood's indifference to serious compositions. Newcomer Catherine McLeod makes an impressive debut, doing very well with a difficult role, while Philip Dorn, Bill Carter, and Felix Bressart uphold the masculine honors in this adult Technicolor drama of average interest. (Republic)

Alfred Hitchcock's genius for developing and sustaining suspense is exhibited once again in the slick, adult melodrama **NOTORIOUS**. With the very able assistance of such stalwarts as Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant, and Claude Rains, he drains the last drop of excitement from the postwar Nazi chase and manages to make it as intense and thrilling as the first espionage yarn. Amid luxurious surroundings a suave, smooth, pulsating Ben Hecht yarn is spun slowly, but with splendid effect. Unfortunately, a few of the romantic scenes get out of hand momentarily, which detracts from the general effect and prevents an unreserved recommendation. Louis Calhern, Leopoldine Konstantin, and Lenore Ulric are a few of the reliables on hand, but it is Hitchcock and his flair for veiled terror which must take the bows here. Strictly adult material. (RKO-Radio)

Though its pace is pedestrian and the story gossamer, **GOD'S COUNTRY** is an eye-filling excursion into the great

outdoors. Produced in Cinecolor, the film concentrates much of its attention on the beauties of forest life, with the human angle coming in second best. Robert Lowery and Helen Gilbert have the leads, but William Farnum and Buster Keaton, two familiar faces, are the best members of the cast. A recommendation for the younger moviegoers. (Screen Guild)

### Play?

A malodorous concoction, entitled **MAID IN THE OZARKS**, has recently made its appearance on Broadway after a six-year tour of the country. Mistakenly labeled a play, it is actually a moronic display of the lowest order and an insult to the intelligence of any audience. However—considering that the perpetrators of this mess—its author and producers—have already accrued a sizable fortune from its preservation, we wonder if the visitors to this Rabelaisian exhibit deserve something less than sympathy.

### Delinquency

Continued increase in the number of lurid crimes being committed by those in the teen-age bracket recently caused an overanxious and shortsighted commencement speaker to place the entire blame for the serious situation at the doorstep of the motion picture industry.

It is impossible to deny that the recent avalanche of crime stories, war glamorizations, and stupid sex themes have had a bad effect on the younger generation. However, without attempting to whitewash or excuse an industry which has often been guilty of moral laxity and indifference to responsibility, it might be pointed out that millions of children attend movies on a fairly regular schedule. If they were all affected and influenced so strongly by films, we would now be involved in an orgy of juvenile crime, the extent of which is difficult to imagine.

The power of the motion picture is strong among the young and emotionally immature, but in the final analysis it is as pernicious and as dangerous to our national and individual welfare as the godless classroom, the divorce-smashed home, or the irresponsible parent? Admittedly, the movie which glorifies crime and glamorizes sex is a menace, but does it compare to the on-the-spot evil of a distorted home life and incomplete education?

Hollywood has many sins to atone, but in this matter of leading youngsters astray the primary responsibility rests with mother, father, and teacher. The proper example, guidance, and discipline can keep Junior from those movies not intended for him. The weekly Legion of Decency ratings are available to all who take the trouble to check.

### Playguide

**FOR THE FAMILY:** *Ice Time; Song of Norway; Aquaretta.*

**FOR ADULTS:** *The Glass Menagerie; Harvey; Oklahoma; Life with Father; The Red Mill; State of the Union; Show Boat. On Tour: Bloomer Girl; I Remember Mama; The Late George Apley.*

**PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE:** *Carousel; Dear Ruth; Born Yesterday; Call Me Mister; Annie Get Your Gun; Three to Make Ready; O Mistress Mine; Anna Lucasta; Around the World; Swan Song; Dream Girl.*

**COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE:** *Voice of the Turtle; Maid in the Ozarks. On Tour: Blackouts of 1946; Are You With It? Billion Dollar Baby; Come on Up.*

# Jigsaw Puzzles Left by Hitler

By ARTHUR EGAN



*Not a jigsaw puzzle, but a fresco that was and will be again*



*Incredible patience has remade the fragments into a fresco*

THE American tourists who used to stand in Rome's sunny Via Cavour listening to their guides discoursing on the florid past of the Palace of the Borgias would have a new source of entertainment today. A few doors away, in the spacious and elegant rooms of another Italian palazzo, is a spectacle which would seem more likely if it were being presented in Madison Square Garden under the auspices of Messrs. Barnum and Bailey.

A glance through the great, grated windows bordering on the street would disclose, moving among the hundreds of boxes full of broken plaster which lie on the floors, the men who armed with microscopes, test tubes, rulers, and fabulous patience are carrying out one of the most extraordinary projects of our time. They are literally picking up the pieces of devastated Italy and fitting them, like some gigantic jigsaw puzzle, back together again.

They are the art historians, chemists, and architects of the Institute di Restaurati which has taken on the job of restoring what it can of the ruined Italian frescoes, the masterpieces of sacred art that, until they were smashed in the fury of the Italian campaign, had for centuries adorned the walls of public buildings and churches in Italy.

The magnitude of their task can easily be appreciated when one realizes that each of the paintings is now in almost a hundred thousand pieces, but the problem is made even more difficult by the individual frescoes which often present unique problems in restoration.

Of the three sets of frescoes now at the Institute, those of the church of St. Mary-of-the-Truth undoubtedly underwent the most sustained Allied and German bombardments. When the workers from the Institute arrived at Viterbo, they found virtually nothing but a pile of rubble. It was necessary to sort, and frequently to strip, the plaster fresco from the broken pieces of the walls before the work of restoration could even begin.

Yet at the Pisa Campo Santo a bomb-hit which left the church almost intact probably caused more damage to the paintings than at Viterbo. The explosion knocked the frescoes off the walls and set them on fire. The altered coloration not only made the work of identification extremely difficult but created a terrific problem in chemical restoration.

The Eremitani frescoes of Padua, which were almost entirely shaken off during a bombardment that left the walls of the church standing, represent the simplest type of problem. It was only necessary, since the work of restoration generally requires that a fresco be restored in its entirety, to strip off what little of the painting remained on the walls before the entire fresco could be taken to Rome.

The overall process that the Institute uses is essentially the same as that of the ordinary jigsaw puzzle lover. The pieces, many of them no larger than a dime, after they have

**Equipped with scientific knowledge and untold patience, art lovers labor to restore to the world the great Italian frescoes shattered by war**

been gathered up at the scene of the ruins are sorted, according to color and where they were found, into boxes filled with glass wool and taken in trucks to Rome.

The Institute at this point speeds up the whole process by a piece of ingenuity of which it is very proud. Having collected all the available data and photographs of the ruined fresco, they reproduce on canvas prepared like a photographic plate a natural size projection of a photograph of the fresco. The area of this canvas is often many score square yards.

When the first piece is selected it is placed over its counterpart on the canvas photograph. The intention is to build around it in ever-widening circles, but this is more easily intended than accomplished. The finding of the next piece sometimes takes weeks. For one thing, those pieces that have had their paint burned must go to the chemical laboratory before any decision can be made about them, and then sometimes, after going through a hundred thousand pieces, the Institute finds that the adjoining pieces are missing. Then the work starts all over again, using another initial piece.

When things like this happen the extraordinary character of the men working in the Institute is readily apparent. They are real art lovers, fiercely proud of Italy's cultural greatness, who are obsessed with the idea of healing the wounds of war. In the pursuit of that aim, they have developed a patience which in its extent seems almost to border on insanity.

Ultimately their determination reaps its reward. At the present time, out of the piles of rubble on the floors of the palazzo the famous frescoes of Traino, Andrea da Firenze, Antonio Veneziano, and Benozzo Gozzoli are gradually emerging into life.

When they are as completely restored as they can be, the frescoes will again be divided into parts and stuck onto canvas over a thin basis of concrete. In this form the Institute will ship them back to the churches from which they came, to be once more a source of delight and inspiration to mankind.

**I**N JOHN HERSEY's story of American military government in Italy, Major Joppolo when he gave the bell to Adano gave back the symbol of all that before the war had been good and beautiful in the life of the town. The story of the work of the Institute di Restauro is very similar except that it is a true story and that the Italians are giving and we are receiving. For pictures, like bells, speak in all languages, and the heritage of ancient splendor that the Institute is struggling to restore belongs not only to Italy, but to the world.



**B**ACK in 1921, the young third baseman for the St. Paul club of the American Association was suffering from a Charley horse. So he sat out a few games on the bench.

He found himself sitting next to Manager Mike Kelly one day. Kelly turned to him suddenly and said:

"You're a smart ball player. Did you ever watch a pitcher?"

"How do you mean, sir?" asked the sidelined athlete.

"Watch all his motions closely and see if you can tell what pitch is coming," said the pilot.

So Charley strained his eyes watching every motion of the two opposing pitchers. Suddenly he saw something. Excitedly he turned to Kelly.

"Say, that Miller that's pitching for Kansas City rests his hands across his chest just before delivering a fast ball and holds his hands a foot lower when he is getting ready to throw a curve."

"Good boy," says Mike. "You got that almost as quick as I did. Now, how would you like to go out on the coaching line and tip off the batters as to what's coming?"

And that's the way Brooklyn Dodger coach Charley Dressen got his start as a tipper of pitchers, an art at which he is the acknowledged tops today. Any hurler who faces the Dodgers goes under Chuck's intense scrutiny, and unless he delivers a strike and curve in exactly the same motions he's in for some real trouble.

"Why, even the best pitchers have giveaway motions," reveals Chuck. "Daddy Vance was always an easy one to spot. If he was going to throw his fast ball he'd flutter his fingers on the ball at the top of his delivery. A tight grip meant a curve."

A SIGN SPORTS STORY

## LEGAL LARCENY

"But," continued Dressen, "there were many days when it didn't do much good to know the Dazzler was coming in with a fast one. It was in the catcher's mitt while many a batter was making up his mind whether it was over the plate or not."

"If you know what a pitcher is throwing each time, you may not use the information constantly. Many times when a pitcher, or his catcher or manager, realizes his pitches are being called there will be a change in the box. So on many occasions I wait for a crucial spot to give the batter the 'office.'"

"Then," he went on, "there are some hitters who do not want to know what's coming. They're afraid they'll become too anxious and not swing normally. They like to come to bat and be ready for anything, just as they have always been doing."

Sometimes when the Dodgers are stealing the signals from the catcher from the vantage point of second base, Dressen gives the impression he is getting the signs from the pitcher. This induces a slight case of panic and confusion between the catcher and pitcher. Which doesn't hurt Brooklyn's chances.

Most common fault of young hurlers, says Chuck, is for them to hold a fast ball across the seams and a curve alongside the seams. That's one of the first things he observes when conducting a pitching tryout.

Dressen still looks back to that 1921 St. Paul club as the scrappiest and most opportune club he ever played with. A teammate, incidentally, was Mike Gonzales, the St. Louis Cardinal coach, who sees managers come and go but holds his position because of keen baseball savvy. When Dressen and Gonzales meet each other from time to time they both recall vividly all incidents of twenty-five years ago, including how different batters were pitched to.

If the writer may get personal for a moment, the first organized baseball game we saw was in St. Paul in 1921. Some twenty years later, as a baseball writer for the *World-Telegram*, we had the opportunity of getting to know Chuck Dressen and Mike Gonzales. So their stories of 1921 have at least one avid listener.

PAT Mc DONOUGH



# Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON

## A Zealous Priest

THIS MONTH I am going to tell a true story with a happy ending, something which true stories don't always have. Some of you may remember the mention on this page of a priest in Naples who had written me with a sort of righteous indignation that in Naples there were plenty of "caricatures of children" as well as in Rome, where I had written there were many. "I shall appreciate it very much," he wrote, "if you will kindly mention my name to those people who ask the name of a religious community in Europe so that they may send food and clothing to the poor children." He added that Naples, where he is stationed, is one of the largest cities in Italy and that, of course, considerable food and clothing have been sent there. "But red tape, graft, and waste have left out the children who really need help. I am after the kids who do not go to school because they have no decent clothes and because they have to beg in the streets to help their people at home when there is no father or he is in the hospital."

He added that he was an American from Brooklyn and that he had been in Naples for eight years and knew conditions well. "Please," he added, "help out and oblige."

So I set out to help and oblige. I thought the quickest way to do it was to get in touch with the Catholic War Relief people, so I sent to Miss Eileen Egan the letter from Father Spani. She asked Monsignor Landi to look up the matter when he reached Italy and now word has come from Naples that Father Spani conducts "a type of settlement house in a very poor neighborhood of Naples for the children of the neighborhood. Father Spani is a very zealous priest and much interested in the plight of these children. He conducts a recreational and social program for the children, but finds that this is hampered by their extreme poverty. There is great need of clothing and food. Father Spani is definitely worthy of any assistance that can be rendered him."

Miss Egan sent me a copy of this report from Monsignor Landi, and added: "It might be that you can run his name in your good column and perhaps packages of food and clothing would reach him from your readers." So here is Father Spani's address for those of you who have asked for addresses in Italy:

Rev. Pasquale Spani  
Parco Lamaro 10  
Via Aniello Falcone  
Naples, Italy

## Two Happy Endings

MISS EGAN adds that War Relief Services have already sent Father Spani four CARE packages out of money the readers of this column have sent to her or to me in the form of checks or money orders. Again let me tell the story in her words: "I am sure you will be surprised and glad to know that because of your mention of my name in your column Catholic War Relief Services has already received thirteen

hundred dollars in 128 letters. These letters, many from people far from rich themselves, have given me great joy and courage in my work. They are so full of heart and sympathy. In many cases the same person has sent two or three donations at intervals. The money has been used to help children in many cases where no other help was immediately available."

Her address, which I inadvertently gave only in part a few months ago, is:

Catholic War Relief Services  
350 Fifth Avenue  
New York 1, N. Y.

As a matter of fact, it has just occurred to me there are two stories here and both have happy endings. Who could ask for more in this troubled world?

## The CARE Method

THIS CARE idea seems to date to be the best possible way to send parcels of food abroad. The food is already on the other side so no shipping overseas is needed. The CARE packages are in the hands of a nonprofit-making group and nearly every relief organization in the country evidently belongs to it, from Protestants and Catholics to A.F. of L. and Mennonites. The parcels contain a wonderful assortment of meats, cereals, milk, cheese, sugar, soap, gum, matches, and other things. They weigh 49 pounds and the entire cost of one is fifteen dollars, including all charges. They can be sent with or without designating a beneficiary; for instance, Miss Egan used readers' checks and money orders in sending the packages to Naples.

## God's Workers

RETURNING TO MY EARLIER topic, I want to say how much pleasure it gives me to note that so many people have been made happy by you who read this column. For as much as checks is the good will. When a business is sold the good will is often as important as the merchandise. And here the good will has warmed hearts and given courage not only to those who give but to those who receive. It looks as if in this case we must revise Shakespeare when he says mercy blesses him who gives and him who takes. It seems to be blessing also that middleman of charity—the one who, as a matter of fact, does most of the actual work. I think a vote of thanks is due to those tireless workers of relief in this land and the Father Spanis and the many others in the sad lands of Europe who plod on and ask on and work on. They can pray and they can comfort, but it is we who must fill their hands with the material things to supplement their spiritual administrations.

And it is such a relief to turn from the morning papers with their stories of man's selfishness and his inhumanity to man, and read instead in our mail letters which show that the mills of God have millers who are at work right along. May God bless their work and may we continue to uphold the hands of his assistants.

# QUIET JOURNEY

By REGINALD ARLISS, C.P.



*Beyond Hunan's lofty mountain ranges lie verdant, peaceful valleys, where the Missionary must seek his scattered flock*

**H**OLD your hat, here we go!" And we did, my catechist and I, down the rushing, whirling waters of the Yuan River. The rainy season had set in, and the constant downpour had swollen the waters by fifteen feet. We were on our way to the little village of Tung Chung Keo, 196 Chinese miles down river. Rapids and whirlpools challenged our approach, but the dexterity and experience of our boatman easily proved their match.

Our little craft made exceptionally good time, much to the surprise even of the boatman himself, who had anticipated rowing well into the night. As a matter

of fact, we pushed into shore that day, an hour or so before sunset. There were still sixteen Chinese miles of the journey to travel inland. Judging from the enspirited conversation of the boatman, this journey held a record in speed, unsurpassed on the river for many a moon. Rarely have I seen a man so proud of his accomplishments. I shared his hilarity, but soberly said to myself: "Don't be boasting; it'll take you a week to get back."

Here was our resting place for the night. It was the quaint little village of Liulincha, where we had a Mission without a priest. The steps confronting us

led up a steep embankment to the front gate of the Mission. The local catechist and the Christians gathered to greet us. Immediately we were seated to the customary cup of hot tea. Then came a volley of questions from these isolated country people who were hungry for news from the outside world. "How is Michael Chang?" "Is the Bishop well?" "What's the situation in Manchuria?" And a host of other questions. Indeed they had no pity on me, as I tried my best to satisfy their curiosity between hasty gulps of hot tea.

Meanwhile considerable excitement prevailed in the kitchen, where the



Father Reginald Arliss, C.P., and his turbulent speedway, the Yuan River. "Rapids and whirlpools challenged . . . our little craft made exceptionally good time."

preparation for the evening meal was in full progress. Before we knew it, out came the viands, dish by dish, the center of attraction to all concerned. There were spinach, sour herbs, peppers, and pork set in the center of the table, followed by a bowl of steamed rice for each of us. "*Chin Shen Fu ch'i fan*"—"Father, please partake of our humble meal."

A second invitation was unnecessary—I was hungry. We said grace and sat down. I sheepishly fumbled along with my chopsticks, casting a sneaking glance now at one person, now at another, foolishly thinking I was not being observed. In spite of all my precaution, however, I could hear stifled snickering going on behind the scenes. Those at the table began to wonder why I had such a preference for spinach, knowing as well as I did, however, that it was the easiest thing to grasp with the chopsticks. My kingdom for a fork! But the old touch came back, and soon, with an air of victory, I was clutching those slippery pieces of pork with as much success as the rest of them. After evening prayers in common, I retired for the night.

Early next morning, a small group of Christians having assembled in chapel, I offered the Holy Sacrifice. During the day, I busied myself ministering to the spiritual needs of the Christians.

Now we were ready for the next lap of the journey. The day dawned with a bright, warm sun. We began our trek sixteen miles inland through sparsely inhabited and wild terrain. One could not help marveling at the scenic beauty, as the verdant hills and valleys slowly unfolded before our gaze. As we sat resting atop a very high mountain, engaged in conversation with a local peasant, we learned that the vicinity harbored tigers that prowled through

the night. Cheerful news for us. Undaunted we descended the long slope and sauntered along under parasols as the sun was hot.

Halfway along the journey, we turned into a spacious valley. Picturesque as it was, our attention centered immediately on a huge, dreary-looking hut by the wayside. It supported a milling machine turned by a water wheel, which in turn was propelled by a swift stream below. A winding path led off the road to an entrance dark and forbidding. There was no sign of activity outside or within, save for the creaking of the old mill wheel.

**O**CCUPANTS there were, for along the path leading to the entrance there stood a row of slim posts about three feet in height. Each post supported at its top, by means of spokes, a square wooden frame. In other words, the frame atop the post looked like a box three inches deep, with neither lid nor bottom. On the outside faces of the four sides, Chinese characters were written, designating the inhabitants within.

I do not remember seeing such contraptions before in China. At first sight I thought these were letter boxes, but such could not be, for there is no public mail service out in this wilderness. The catechist informed me that they were signposts for the devil, demonstrating the owner's staunch allegiance to the evil one, in order to avoid harm from

him. Indeed these country peasants are very superstitious and fearful that they would find disfavor with the devil, who might arbitrarily destroy their crops, burn down their houses, cause sickness, physical harm, or death in the family. Strange indeed to us, who enjoy the gift of faith. Fearful facts such as these bring home to us the words of Eternal Truth: "The truth shall make you free."

We resumed our journey. Two hours walk over hill, valley, and stream brought us to another lofty mountain, seemingly waiting to test our strength and courage. By slow stages we ascended, and deemed ourselves worthy of a hard-earned rest at the summit. On the other side, below, a plain stretched over two miles, terminating at the base of another mountain, loftier by far than this. Indeed it was far from inviting, and I meekly asked the catechist how far we had yet to travel.

He pointed to the mountain and said: "A little beyond that." I'm afraid I didn't edify him by the glance I cast at him.

Down the steep slope we sauntered listlessly in the heat. As we descended, we noticed that the plain was thickly dotted with mud-walled houses supporting thatched roofs. Soon we were walking through this maze of poverty-stricken homes. Thereupon the catechist led me to the entrance of a little house, neatly seated on a slight hill.

"Here's the Catholic Mission," he said triumphantly.

"I thought you said it was behind that mountain," I responded.

He replied with a beaming smile: "Just a pleasant surprise, Father." And it was, for I gave a sly glance at that forbidding slope and gratefully walked up to the Mission.

The Christians were delighted to see us and gave us a warm welcome. "*Sheng*

## Swollen river

and prowling tigers lent zest and fear, and death was just a step ahead in the car he missed



*Fu hao pu hao*"—"How are you, Father? You are most welcome. It is three years since a priest has been here." I might mention that due to the pressure of war, our missionary staff was sadly depleted. They made me change into dry clothes, then poured a cup of hot tea. It tasted good. I was glad to be in Tung Chung Keo.

**T**HIS village of 700 inhabitants enjoys an industry envied by other villages for miles around. It is literally a "gold mine." But during the past few years, fortune has dealt rather niggardly with the miners. From the dozens of tons of rock extracted from the mines each month, and this at the dint of real hard labor, the dividends are scarcely seven or eight ounces of the precious metal. Were it not for the few small side-industries organized here, such as gardening, basket-making, etc., the natives would at times find themselves in a sorry plight.

While there, I had occasion to visit a Christian operating a mill. A small stream propelled a large wooden water-wheel which in turn propelled a heavy stone shaped like a small barrel which rotated in a huge stone basin. The gold-bearing rocks were thrown into the basin, and crushed to powder, water being added to form a paste. After eight hours of milling, the paste is again thinly diluted with water, and run over a board that looks something like the wash boards our grandmothers used to use in scrubbing clothes, except that it is much longer and wider. As the diluted paste runs down over the board, the golden grains, being much heavier than the watery paste, sink into the ridges or cracks and remain there, while the paste runs off into the stream below.

I saw the result of four days' work. My friend held before me a rice bowl half filled with water clouded by antimony, at the bottom of which rested several grains of gold. He carefully threw off the water, then applied a magnet, to which the antimony adhered, and there lay the coveted treasure. I recall his words then: "Father, is there a magnet in America that will attract gold and repel antimony?"

"If there were," I replied, "you would have heard of it by now."

Then he rejoined: "If you hear of one, let me know and I will give you all I possess."

The result of that four days' labor amounted in Chinese currency to \$10,000. Just a minute—don't get excited! Inflation, you know! Prices here are in the clouds, gold not excepted. That amount of gold would buy just about two bushels of rice. A full ounce of gold brings \$200,000 in Chinese currency, which amounts approximately to one

hundred American dollars at the present exchange.

The evening wore on, and after our chopsticks had emptied the fourth bowl of rice, we sat and talked about everything under the sun, even about the end of the war, which they knew was over. Then I heard confessions, chatted again with them and went to bed. I didn't need an alarm clock the next morning to awaken me. About four-thirty the roosters began to crow; a pig outside my door began to grunt; and a pack of dogs insisted on escorting a strange tramp out of town. Presently the commotion quieted down, and I dozed off again.

At about six o'clock the house was astir, then great commotion prevailed—they were preparing for the grand climax of my visit—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. After confessions I vested and commenced Mass, during which a sizeable crowd of pagans stood without, looking on with eyes as big as half-dollars, as they observed the foreigner going through the ceremonies. The golden chalice, lace alb, silk vestments, lighted candles captivated them, and all they could say was: "*Ai ya, ai ya, hao k'an! hao k'an!*" "Wonderful, wonderful."

**A**FTER my thanksgiving I packed the Mass kit, and there waiting on the table were my rice and vegetables. During the course of the meal, Monica, the old matriarch of the village came in and said: "Father, there are some babies to be baptized; I wonder if any of them will be given my name—Monica?" There was a dubious ring in her voice when she pronounced the last word. I made sure I wasn't going to get embroiled in any squabbles; let the mothers choose. Meanwhile there was considerable excitement in the main room. The mothers and fathers were discussing names for the babies. Judging from the conversation, they must have gone down the litanies and catalogues of the saints, but not once did I hear the name Monica, nor did I offer any suggestions, save the name Mary, which to my delight, was chosen. Mary Wang would be her name.

There were six little angels ready for baptism, two boys and four girls, all dressed up to kill. The proud godparents presented themselves with the babies, in a semicircle before the altar. A happier group you would travel far to see, for the Chinese are very fond of their little ones. There was tiny Charles Wang, dressed in bright red and wearing a million-dollar smile. There was Mildred Chang, suspiciously eyeing me up and down, as much as to say: "What are you doing here?" Then Paula Yu, who giggled at me every time I approached to bless or anoint her, until

I thought she was trying to flirt with me; but the seriousness of the occasion brought me to my senses.

Mary Wang with her little moon face and pretty almond eyes, was very patient through it all but seemed somewhat bored—she fell asleep. Joseph Wang apparently enjoyed this novel event as he watched everyone and everything, not missing a trick. Every time I went near him, he gave me a sneaking glance, and looked to see where his father was.

I went to the last little girl and asked the father what name she was to be given. He said: "Heng Li."

I looked at him doubtfully and thought to myself: "Is this one of those grandiose names he's trying to inflict on the poor child?" I had never heard of this name before. Then I said triumphantly: "O, you mean Gnen i geh!" that is, Henry.

He gave me a withering glance and said: "No." He assured me that it was the name of a popular saint. After much investigation, I still don't know what patron is known as Saint Heng Li. At any rate, in the official language of Holy Mother Church, the child is known as Henrietta Wang. And so these little innocent ones venture out on the path of life. May God and their holy Patrons protect and guide them to their journey's end. Indeed the devil swallowed a bitter pill that day, having these little ones snatched from his grasp.

**S**OON after the ceremony, the catechist and I were taking leave. Some of the Christians knelt for my blessing and escorted me to the lane leading homeward over the mountain. Looking down from the heights, we could see them waving and still hear them calling: "*Shen Fu, man chu, man chu—tsai huei, tsai huei!*"—"Good-by, Father, go away slowly, go away slowly; we shall meet again." Having arrived back at the Liulincha Mission that afternoon, we spent the night there, and the next morning took a boat that brought us eighty Chinese miles down river. Seven miles walk inland brought us to the outpost of a bus line.

We were late for the bus, and hailed a military truck, but without success. The second truck stopped and we boarded it. Thank God we didn't get on the first one, for when we had traveled about ten miles our truck came to a halt, and a sad sight indeed it was to behold. Six men lay stone dead in a ditch. The truck that had refused us a ride had turned over an embankment, crushing six to death with its heavy cargo and injuring several others. I arrived home late that night, went to the chapel and breathed a prayer of thanks to God.

# Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL  
ON MATTERS OF GREAT  
OR LITTLE MOMENT

## Dizzy Reporting

► AS A SPORTS ANNOUNCER Dizzy Dean retains his popularity with the younger generation of baseball fans. That's what has some people worried, according to the following item in "Newsweek":

The English teachers of Missouri last week are reported to have complained to the Federal Communications Commission because the eccentric colloquialisms of baseball broadcaster Dizzy Dean are creeping into Missouri English. Their pupils, they said, are emulating such colorful misusage as: "The runners held their respectable bases," "Slaughter slud safe into second," and "Musial stands confidentially at the plate."

Dean replied to his critics: "I'll learn the people baseball and let the teachers keep on learnin' the people English."

## Better Than Sherlock

► CLEVER PROFESSIONAL CROOKS carefully avoid premises displaying the red-and-black seal of the Holmes Electric Protective Company. From an article in "Liberty" by Robert T. Furman, Jr.:

Several months ago a burglar painstakingly cut his way through the ceiling of a New York jewelry store and dropped to the floor. But before he could decide what to carry off, the front door opened and in walked what appeared to be a couple of cops. When they dragged him out, he discovered that they were blue-uniformed guards from a private protection agency.

"Who tipped you guys off?" he growled. "There wasn't any burglar alarm on that ceiling."

He should have known better than to break into that store. Posted on the door was a little red-and-black seal, signifying that the place was guarded in *absentia* by the Holmes Electric Protective Company, an organization dedicated to nabbing criminals. When it comes to capturing jewel thieves, bank robbers, and second-story men, this organization's founder, Edwin Holmes, makes the famous Sherlock look like a piker. The methods Edwin Holmes worked out almost a century ago are so effective today in guarding thousands of banks, stores, and business houses that the company's quarry almost always turns out to be either a novice or a lame-brain. Professional crooks give Holmes-guarded premises a wide berth.

That burglar was a victim of Holmes' newest burglar barrier which throws a protective cordon of infra-red rays around anything from a pearl necklace to a warehouse. As long as an invisible beam continues to hit a photoelectric cell, all is well. But let someone walk through it and the cell is darkened and an alarm sounded. The beam can run the length of a warehouse, or be reflected between numerous mirrors to weave a sort of ghostly cat's cradle around a safe, a display window, or a rackful of fur coats. . . .

Holmes regularly employs about 300 active duty guards, and last year answered 42,000 alarms in New York City alone. Only about 200 of these were genuine attempts at burglary.

Rain or snow coming through an open window can sound an alarm; so can fire or a break in a water pipe. Gnawing rats are frequent offenders, and cats send in as many alarms as do two-legged intruders. Most cat alarms are the result of playful passes at the threads that dangle from the cords of floor traps.

## Clippers

► ABOUT SEVENTY CLIPPING BUREAUS thrive on the curiosity of some 25,000 business firms, organizations, and celebrities who want to know when their names get into the papers. From an article in "The Woman" by Helen Colton:

New York has the largest number of bureaus in any one city—eleven. Four of these, Burrelle, Romeike, Luce, and Consolidated, are classified as "national" bureaus since they clip all the 2,000 dailies and more than half the 11,000 weekly papers in the United States, plus 2,000 general and trade publications, and papers from the larger Canadian cities.

Each of the "Big Four" bureaus employs about a hundred readers. Most bureaus operate pretty much along the same lines as Burrelle's, which occupies two floors in a downtown Manhattan building.

Burrelle has some 3,000 clients, and all their readers must memorize key words and phrases for all of them. Besides, many clients order more than one word or phrase to be clipped. The girls have to develop phenomenal memories to watch for 4,000 separate items, which they underline as they come across them. . . .

"Girls make better readers than men," all the bureau heads say, "because the men stop to read instead of merely scanning."

The quick scanning sometimes results in amusing mistakes. An olive grower once got hundreds of syndicated clips telling of the death of Olive Thomas, an erstwhile Ziegfeld beauty. Bing Crosby has received clips about Bing cherries. Twentieth Century-Fox gets all kinds of variations, from fox farms to I. J. Fox, the furrier. The two Welles celebrities, Orson and Sumner, and the two Smith authors, Betty and Lillian, occasionally cross clips.

## No. 1 Contestant

► MAURICE ZOLOTOW tells the story of "Quiz Queen" Sadie Hertz in the "Saturday Evening Post." We quote from the article:

Mrs. Sadie Hertz, a voluble but thoroughly lovable lady from Brooklyn, has the dubious distinction of being the country's outstanding contestant on radio quiz programs. Mrs. Hertz is a sixty-one-year-old housewife and she spends a good deal of her mornings, afternoons, and evenings haunting the studios where question-and-answer broadcasts are taking place, in the sole hope that she may be selected as the target of an interlocutor's queries.

She frequently is known as The Poor Man's Kieran; she has been interrogated hundreds of times in the past eight years on such programs as Professor Quiz, Double or Nothing,

Detect and Collect, Dr. I. Q., Give and Take, Break the Bank, and Take It or Leave It. She has been called upon to answer every conceivable kind of inquiry, from how her husband happened to propose to her to how many feathers there are on a full-grown turkey. No question ever abashes her, even if she does not know the answer, and she hardly ever knows the correct answer to any question concerning the fine arts, literature, politics, history, or celebrated men and women. . . .

On a program the quiz master asked, "Sadie"—she is known to everybody in radio by her first name—"Sadie, can you define the word 'chicanery'?"

She hesitated a moment, and then confidently replied in a boisterous voice redolent with the gusty flavor of a Manhattan cab driver, "It's something you put in coffee to make it taste diff'runt."

On another occasion she was asked if she knew what a bit-tern was. "It's a small sour pickle," she promptly replied, her shrewd gray eyes twinkling, "which they sell 'em two for a nickel in Brooklyn."

When she appeared on Break the Bank, a program which offers a minimum of \$1000 to a person who can answer a set of ten questions on a subject, she drew the category of cars and automobiles. One of the questions was: "Which would you put in your car for winter driving: Frostilla, Prestone, Vicks Vaporub, Ovaltine, Aqua Velva, or Pepsi-Cola?"

After contemplating a moment, she bravely cried—with the assurance of a Zola shouting that truth is on the march—"Well, I wouldn't put Pepsi-Cola in the radiator, I can tell you that!"

This reply drew the biggest laugh the program has ever got.

### Horseshoe-Pitching Champ

► "MAGAZINE DIGEST" prints an article on Jimmy Risk, horseshoe pitching champion, which is to appear in a forthcoming issue of "True Sports." From the article:

Of America's three or four million horseshoe pitchers, there probably isn't one who can match the double-barreled performance of Indiana's Jimmy Risk. He's the Byron Nelson and Joe Kirkwood of the ancient barnyard sport rolled into one. In tournament play, he drops ringers like a slot machine spouts nickels on a lucky jackpot hit. In stunt performance, he's the world's champion trick and fancy horseshoe pitcher.

In comparison with Jimmy, the storied William Tell was just an overrated amateur. All William had to do was send an arrow through an apple set atop his youngster's head. Jimmy not only duplicates that feat with a common horseshoe, but the shoe invariably goes on to score a ringer on a stake set 40 feet away. Despite his name, his record proves there's not much risk for the head on which the apple rests. . . .

Jimmy's trick performances are known from coast to coast. . . . Audiences have seen him throw ringers from a speeding horse, make perfect shots at the regulation distance over a blanket held to obscure his vision of the stake, and throw a shoe around a cigarette without touching or damaging it. He tosses horseshoes through paper hoops, and they land over the peg 40 feet away.

He can place a match against a stake, then toss a shoe to light it. To make it doubly good, he douses out the flame with a second shoe.

His coin stunt is another crowd-pleaser. He knocks the coin off the top of the stake while making a ringer without the horseshoe ever touching any part of the stake itself.

Occasionally, he'll set up a beer bottle and toss one ringer after another with the iron shoes. When it's all over, the bottle is just as good as new. Once, in Michigan, he registered a ringer on a tree trunk exactly the size of a horseshoe's

open end. Risk thinks that was the trickiest shot he ever made, for the shoe fitted so snugly around that tree that no amount of tugging could pull it off.

### Honorary Degrees

► JOHN S. RADOSTA writes in the "New York Times Magazine" of the fifteen hundred degrees awarded each spring "honoris causa, which, not too academically translated, means 'on the house.'" From "Degrees to the Nth Degree."

The most popular honorary degrees seem to be Doctor of Laws (LL.D.), Doctor of Divinity (D.D.), Doctor of Science (Sc.D.), and Doctor of Letters (Litt.D.). About fifty others make up the remainder, including doctorates in humane letters, engineering, music, and political science.

In theory, honorary degrees are based on recognition of an individual's contribution to learning or social welfare. Many, however, are recognition of some form of political, administrative, or business success. Others are based on publicity, alumni pressure, and—contributions.

In a poll of 241 college presidents in 1942, Dean Stephen Epler of the Southern Oregon College of Education found 61 per cent agreed that honorary degrees were handed out "primarily to advertise a college." This accounts for the colleges' penchants for honoring currently popular personalities, including actors, singers, fliers, athletes, writers. Yale and Harvard are reputed to have squabbled over the privilege of being the first to put the hood on Walt Disney. In 1938 both universities gave him honorary Master of Arts degrees. One New Jersey college some years ago awarded Bonzo, a Seeing Eye dog, a Doctorate of Canine Fidelity.

### Crime Areas

► IN AN ARTICLE based on FBI reports, Vance Packard reveals in the "American Magazine" several facts about lawlessness in the United States. Some excerpts from his article:

The old gangster-hunting grounds of New York and Illinois (Chicago) are now among our quietest, most law-abiding areas. Vermont has not shown a murder in the FBI's *Uniform Crime Report* for two years. New Hampshire, next door, is the nation's most all-round law-abiding state. It has the fewest robberies, the fewest burglaries, and the fewest auto thefts per 1,000 population of any of our forty-eight states. Pennsylvania was lowest in thefts other than auto.

In contrast, the West today is really wild. Thieves roving our westernmost states are causing more nervousness than did the two-gun badmen of the old Wild West.

Burglars in Nevada pulled off six times as many second-story jobs per 1,000 population last year as did burglars in New Hampshire. Thieves in Arizona committed seven times as many larcenies as thieves did in Pennsylvania. Robbers in California committed fifty times as many stick-ups as robbers did in New Hampshire. Last year your car was six times as safe in New England as it was on the West Coast. . . .

When it comes to crimes of violence "against the person"—that is, murder and aggravated assault—the Southland is 'way out ahead. For example, there were twelve times as many murders per 1,000 people in the South last year as in New England. Georgia had more than fifty times as many murders as New Hampshire.

Southern Negroes certainly accounted for their share of the murders, but the Negro does not seem to be the main explanation for the high proportion of murderers in the South. Dr. Ellsworth Huntington, Yale's human geographer, has found that if you consider only white populations, the ten worst states for homicide in America are still all in the South. The white residents of Kentucky, for example, kill one another ten times as often as the white residents of Vermont.



# Principalities and Powers

By FIDELIS RICE, C.P.

“AND there was a battle in heaven.” In that astounding sentence, Saint John draws back for us the veil of obscurity which conceals the unseen world, and in one of the most mysterious paragraphs in the entire Bible portrays for us the titanic struggle between the powers of good and the powers of evil which occurred at the dawn of creation. “And there was a battle in heaven; Michael and his angels battled with the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels. And they did not prevail, neither was their place found any more in heaven. And that dragon was cast down, the ancient serpent, he who is called the devil and Satan, who leads astray the whole world. . . .”

There is added to this amazing revelation a song of triumph, wherein the Blessed in Heaven rejoice because the victory over the forces of evil has come through the Cross of Jesus Christ. “And I heard a loud voice in heaven saying: ‘Now has come the salvation and the power and the kingdom of our God and the authority of his Christ. For the accuser of our brethren has been cast down’ . . . and they overcame him through the Blood of the Lamb.”

In this heavenly drama of “other-world” shattering proportions, the ultimate triumph of the Cross is hymned. At creation’s first morning the absolute power of the Cross is revealed. Even though, in the realm of time, the Crucifixion was not to take place for thousands of years, in the realm of eternity, its victory was so overwhelming, so all-embracing, that it overflowed the confining and restraining walls of time, and swept backward to creation’s dawning, and forward till the last moment.

The conquest of the Cross has extended to all history, both celestial and terrestrial. It triumphs over the history of the angels, as well as over the history of man. The very powers of Hell were subdued and overcome by the victory



of Calvary. What the psalmist says of the all-pervading presence of God can be applied as well to the power of the Cross: “If I ascend into heaven, thou art there; if I descend into Hell, thou art present.” For the Passion of Jesus Christ was a total and shattering victory over “principalities and powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness.”

To understand the victory of the Cross over the devil, we must first understand what kind of beings the devils are. Satan is not a comic-opera figure. He was one of the highest of the angels created by God. He was endowed at the

**By the Cross the schemes of the Evil One to destroy the handiwork of God were brought to nought**

moment of his creation with an intelligence that exceeds the intellect of any human being. The devil is sheer intellect, without any of the limitations and trammels which are imposed upon our minds by our bodies.

When Satan rebelled against God he became a wicked angel, but he did not lose his nature nor its endowments. He still remains an angel, with all the tremendous power of the angelic nature. And so likewise all the other evil angels who rebelled with Satan. They have a complete knowledge of all the laws of nature, even the most mysterious, which are beyond the comprehension of the greatest scientists. They are not dependent upon the slow and involved process of reasoning, to which we must resort, for their knowledge. They need not work out propositions nor make complicated calculations. They see at once all the conclusions that derive from given premises. They know, even to the end of time, all the operations of natural laws. The movement of all

the heavenly bodies is as simple to them as the ticking of a clock. They can tell with instantaneous and ever-abiding certainty even the most remote eclipses of the sun or of the moon. They know the development and the operation of biological laws, chemical laws, physical laws. All the secrets of nature are an open book to them.

Although they do not know with certainty the free decisions of man’s will, yet they have an incalculable shrewdness gained through their thousands of years of experience in dealing with human nature. Although they do not know what a man’s free will may choose, they can hazard a very accurate guess. Through their perverse and wicked seduction of human nature, they have come to know, almost with absolute accuracy, how human nature will react in any given situation.

By their sin, however, all this tre-

mendous knowledge of the diabolic intellects is twisted and perverted to purposes of hate. The wills of the fallen angels are immutably fixed in hate. With every degree of intensity in their natures, they hate God. Their sin was one of unbelievable pride. They wanted to be as God. They knew, of course, that it was utterly impossible for them to become God, because their intellects saw with the clearness of light that there could be only one God, and that no created being could possess His Nature. But they wished to possess God's power.

We cannot begin to comprehend the vastness of the hate which the devils have for souls. With all the pulsing energy of their being they burn with a consuming hatred for souls, and they devote all their twisted, perverted intelligence and their almost unbelievable power to the work of seeking to destroy souls. They are the horrible masterminds behind all the evils of the world.

The power of this personalized hate, which is the devil, has, however, been vanquished by the power of the Cross. Christ by His Passion and Death on the Cross took away the punishment of sin, and therefore released man from eternal subjection to the devil. If Christ had not died upon the Cross, there would have been no hope for anyone ever to escape from the eternal punishment of Hell. By sin, Adam had freely subjected himself and all his descendants to the dominion of the evil spirits. He listened to the serpent and did as he suggested, while knowingly turning away from the commandment of God. For all eternity mankind would have remained in that subjection, for Satan would never have released his hold upon the souls of men.

Man could not have turned to God, for having turned his back upon God once, it was not within his power to turn toward Him again. Sin had erected an impassable barrier between mankind and God. There would be no child born of Adam in all the eons of time to come, who had a love great enough and pure enough to unmake that frightful decision, and to surrender once more to God the totality of man's being in one supreme act of dedication, and thereby move God to remove that impassable barrier of sin. Man had erected that barrier, but it was not within the power of any human being to remove it. The devil, therefore, had things completely his own way. The souls of men were in bondage to him, and do what they would, they could not escape his grasp.

And so it would have remained had not Christ died upon the Cross. But by the Passion and Death of Christ, the hold of Satan upon souls was broken forever. It was by a magnificent strat-

egy on the part of God that the devil was overcome at the precise moment when he thought he had gained his greatest victory.

It was the devil who devised the various tortures of the Passion of Christ, as he is always the first source of wickedness. The horrible excesses inflicted upon Christ were planned in Hell before they were suggested to the sadistic minds of the executioners. But this time the devil overplayed his hand. He was adept at torturing the innocent, but when he planned the torture of Christ, he overstepped all bounds.

St. Thomas Aquinas tells us that the devil has no knowledge of the inner secrets of the Trinity. Therefore he did not know that it was by means of the Cross that the Blessed Trinity had planned to end Satan's domination over the world. Had he ever dreamed that, he would not have engineered the Passion, "... a wisdom which none of the rulers of this world has known; for had they known it, they would never have crucified the Lord of glory." But so God had planned it. As St. Augustine says: "By the utter righteousness of Christ

► That which is striking and beautiful is not always good; but that which is good is always beautiful.

—NINON D. L'ENCLOS

was the devil overcome. Because, even when he saw that there was in Christ no cause for death, he killed Him just the same. And therefore it was only right that all those whom he held in bondage, but who believed in Christ, should be set free, because he had dared to kill Christ, despite His innocence." In other words, the devil was the prototype of all those arch-criminals who are eventually overcome by their own devices because they overreach themselves.

By our Lord's death on the Cross, He achieved what no mere man could ever have done: He spoke a word and offered a deed of apology to God, an apology so freighted with love that it could suffice to take away the sin of the entire world, and thereby break once and for all the devil's hold over souls. "And you, when you were dead, by reason of your sin and the uncircumcision of your flesh, He brought to life along with Him, forgiving you all your sin, canceling the decree against us, which was hostile to us; indeed, He has taken it away completely, nailing it to the Cross, disarming the principalities and powers, putting them to open shame, leading them away in triumph by force of it." That was what Christ meant when He said: "Now is the judgment of the world: now will the power of the world be cast out."

The devil, indeed, can still tempt men and can still seek to destroy them, but men are no longer helpless and without a remedy. They cannot be destroyed by Satan unless they freely surrender to him. The remedy against his machinations is the Cross. It is so mighty and so powerful that even before it actually came to pass, men could still escape from the power of Satan by faith in the Passion that was to take place. As we said before, the victory of the Cross was so overwhelming, so all-embracing, that it flooded all time with its fullness; even before it came to pass, its effects could be received through faith in the fulfillment which was to come.

It was at the dawn of creation that God devised the overthrow of Satan. He told him that a woman would destroy him, and that her Seed would "crush his head." Jesus and Mary were promised at the beginning of time as the archenemies of the devil. Mary's part in the triumph over the devil was to be achieved by her sinlessness and her humility. Because of her Immaculate Conception, her soul never knew the least stain of sin, and therefore the devil never had any dominion over her. But that privilege, too, was won by the Cross. The Church teaches that Mary's preservation from sin was accomplished by the foreseen merits of the Cross. In other words, her exemption from the devil's dominion and her consequent shattering power over him is all part of the triumph of the Cross.

The Cross was, therefore, the devil's undoing, for by it his machinations and his schemes to destroy the handiwork of God were brought to nought. He was forced to bow down in adoration before the Man he helped to crucify. There are some saints and some Christian writers who tell us that the test to which the Angels were submitted when God tried them was this: they were shown the vision of Christ hanging on the Cross and were bidden to adore Him. Satan and his angels refused, and so Michael with his heavenly cohorts drove the rebellious angels from Heaven. Whether this be true or not, we do not know. But if Satan refused to adore the vision of the Crucified, he could not refuse to adore Him when that vision was fulfilled. That was Christ's great triumph over principalities and powers. It was His triumph over Hell.

The Cross of Christ is, indeed, what Saint Paul called it—the power and the wisdom of God. It towers over all creation. It is the heart and the center of time, hymned in pulsing, vibrant canticles throughout eternity: "We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee, because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world."



# Books



## AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY IN THE MAKING, 1932-1940

By Charles A. Beard. 336 pages. Yale University Press. \$4.00

Mr. Beard has subtitled his book thus: *A Study In Responsibilities*. The purpose of his investigation is to establish from documentary evidence just where we should place the responsibility for our involvement in World War II. He discards two theories of blame: one pointing an accusation at those Senators who blocked Wilson's internationalist plans in 1919, the other imposing the stigma of guilt upon the people at large.



C. Beard

In analyzing documents, Mr. Beard has a clear mind and insists upon making words mean what they say; with this enviable equipment as an aid to his investigation, he proceeds to ask several basic questions. Among them are these: "Under whose influence or sponsorship did the policy of non-entanglement, peace, and neutrality for the United States in a warring world secure and maintain so strong a hold on the people or the country, especially between 1933 and 1940? At what point in time during these 'fateful years' did the President... decide that the policy of neutrality and isolation cherished by the people of the country was untenable and announce to the public that another foreign policy—one opposed to it—was in the best interest of the United States? What addresses... did the President and the Secretary (Hull) present... their outline of a foreign policy adverse to isolation, neutrality, and peace for the United States?"

Letting the record speak for itself, his analysis concludes that President Roosevelt defaulted as a leader in the matter of forming foreign policy. This default was attributable to his repudiation of the League, his isolationist policies from 1933-1936, his subsequent indecision on the question of non-entanglement versus collective security, and his empty peace promises right up to the eve of war.

Mr. Beard's inquiry makes interesting, if somewhat heavy, reading. But it is rendered markedly unsatisfying by his failure to answer a preliminary question

pertaining, it is true, more to the philosopher than to the historian: Are the allegedly guilty parties to be censured precisely for involving us in the war, or rather for not involving us in it sooner?

This is not a popular book. It will appeal primarily to professional historians. But a perusal of it will confer one distinct advantage upon every thoughtful reader—here you will find history's own witness to a truth of human psychology, namely, that, even granting men's sincerity, old prejudices are dislodged only with the utmost difficulty and new ideas take root slowly. Ten years ago the internationalism taken for granted today would have been stark heresy.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

## THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA

By Jawaharlal Nehru. 595 pages. The John Day Company. \$5.00

The first effect of reading Nehru's new book is incredulous admiration that any man could have written a volume of this length and completeness in only five months. The author tells us that the work was done in prison and that the manuscript covered more than a thousand pages in longhand. Presumably he had no access to reference books or library shelves, which makes his erudition as remarkable as his industry.



J. Nehru

The book was completed in June of last year, and the final postscript is dated December 29, 1945. At that date the great Indian Congress Party leader had neither hope nor premonition that within a few months Great Britain would make a proffer of complete freedom to India—freedom within or outside of the British Empire. That offer must have taken him by complete surprise, for in many places in his book Nehru writes bitterly of the foreign policy of the British Labor Party, and denounces it as being unalterably grasping and as imperialistic as that of Churchill and the Conservatives.

*The Discovery of India* is not primarily a political work, though it contains many deeply thoughtful chapters

not only on India, but also on world affairs. Nehru delves deeply into the history of his people, their arts, their economy, their religions, the periodic rises and falls of creative effort and of political awareness and lethargy. He admits, somewhat bitterly, that perhaps his wishes distort his thinking, but he holds closely to the belief that India has in some degree that spark of vitality which made it possible for China to endure the long period of hostilities from 1937 to 1945. He grants that initially "India became a prey to foreign conquest because of the inadequacy of her own people, and because the British represented a higher and advancing social order." And his own interpretation of the Congress Party's obstruction to the war effort against Japan arouses speculation whether that inadequacy continues today.

Nehru's new book, which is "must reading" for those who are intelligently interested in the problems of India and Great Britain, furnishes absorbing reading. There is a striking picture of life in prison for nearly three years during the great war of August 1942 to June of 1945. Even the few newspapers permitted to the prisoner were heavily censored, and he records his despair at learning that the Four Freedoms, the Atlantic Charter, and pledges to terminate imperialism, were all gradually abandoned. His final conclusion, the last sentence in this searching book, reads: "There is going to be no peace in India or elsewhere except on the basis of freedom." HALLETT ABEND.

## THOUGH LONG THE TRAIL

By Mabel Hopson Draper. 313 pages. Rinehart & Company. \$3.00

One May morning in 1865 a train of wagons left Illinois for California, carrying bacon, sorghum, coffee, jewelry, velvet, and calico to the booming West. Aboard were also two families of ingratiating people, loyal, and full of an almost inexhaustible energy. Among them was an eight-year-old girl for whom this journey over the Oregon Trail proved to be only the first of many journeys across the country. Nevada



M. Draper



"There is a rare balance of judgment running through his book."—THE SIGN.

## SPOTLIGHT ON LABOR UNIONS

by

WILLIAM J. SMITH, S. J.

Here is the plain truth about Labor Unions—a frank, uncompromising, and forceful exposition of the facts. It will prove invaluable to the layman, supplying him with a factual background and a sound approach to a most crucial problem in American life today.

An Essential Book.

\$2.50

Duell, Sloan and Pearce

### CONFIDENCE IN GOD

Thoughts of encouragement and spiritual solace leading one gently and surely to a better understanding of God and of His Divine Providence. This spiritual treasury is the kind of booklet Catholics should have always on hand.

Price 25¢

Order From

THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

da, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and New Mexico were all home to her during the first thirty years of her life until, the author tells us, she finally found a corner lot in Joplin, Missouri, and sat there for fifty years, "her days colored and influenced by her early life as a tapestry is toned by a bright gold thread." The little girl was Mary Quinn, and Mabel Hopson Draper is her daughter, writing *Though Long the Trail* in the first person and in her mother's own voice.

A child's impressions are usually keener than an adult's, and so the earlier part of this book, especially the journey across the plains, makes by far the more vivid reading. Something was happening most of the time, and even when nothing happened the atmosphere was charged high. There was the fear of the Indians, and in a fine page or two Mrs. Draper recreates the silent desolation after a raid, the only noise being that of torn wagon-covers flapping in the wind. At night there were the spicy sagebrush fires and the bark of prairie dogs, and during the long, hot days they watched herds of wild horses grazing or were left in the dust behind the rushing mail-coach.

*Though Long the Trail* is such good autobiography that one forgets the author entirely. For this Mrs. Draper deserves high praise. Unlike many writers who are their own favorite subjects, Mrs. Draper has effaced herself completely in order to let her mother speak, and the story Mary Quinn tells out of her long memory is always fresh and full of authentic Americana.

ELDA TANASSO.

### PARADISE HUNTERS

By W. Kane, S.J. 291 pages. B. Herder Book Co. \$3.00

"Our discontent with this troubled world springs from the historic fact that our race once knew a happy world toward which we turn with instinctive longing," writes the author of *Paradise Hunters*. And that, essentially, is his theme.

The eternal quest for happiness is considered thoroughly and intensively; and that long, sad saga from Paradise to our Atomic Age is treated with a freshness of approach that gives the old story new force. Certainly it is a book for the bewildered modern man. Definitely it is a message for the Communist to think on.

Father Kane points out that many have been lost by the wayside, thinking they have found their paradise in a political code, or in sex, or in books, or in an ambition to this title or that. What have they found? What will they find? Father Kane gives an answer to all of them for he writes of eternal truths.

However, he warns the reader not to look for a direct solution in *Paradise Hunters*. "Problems of living," he says,

"are not solved in books. Our problems of happiness-hunting are, of course, problems of living, of conduct; they are to be worked out in action, not in speculation. . . ." But "a book which helps to give us knowledge of the problems and of the principles involved in solving the problems is an indirect approach to a solution."

The author uses a popular approach and writes his message in an easy and pleasant style.

JOHN L. MADDEN

### KEEPER OF THE KEYS

By Thomas McDermott. 260 pages. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.50

Thomas McDermott's *Keeper of the Keys* is a complete and accurate account of the life of Pope Pius XII. Omitting none of the important details of the present Pontiff's entire priestly career, the author approaches



T. McDermott

his task with amazing thoroughness. Especially to be commended is his wholehearted Catholicity and the competent manner in which he champions the cause of the Holy See. On the frequent occasions when he states his personal views it becomes apparent that his judgment is sound.

By this time American Catholics are acquainted with the outline of the life of Pope Pius XII, which has captured and held the imaginations of journalists and writers the world over. Here that life is re-created once again, with considerable amplification. Of particular interest is the account of the Pope's visit to the United States in 1934 when he was Papal Secretary of State. Looking back, Americans may be proud of the hospitality extended the distinguished visitor at that time, proud also of the comment made by Cardinal Pacelli in a letter to President Roosevelt upon his return to Rome: "My travels in the United States left on me the deepest impressions of my whole life."

The more we read about Pope Pius XII, the more we realize the true greatness, extraordinary sanctity, mental ability, and charm of Christ's Vicar.

Mr. McDermott concludes his opus by summing up the pontificate of the Holy Father in these words: "The yesterdays of Pius XII knew magnificent achievement for himself, for the Church, and for the world, and also tragic failures which were due not to anything he did or failed to do . . . the tomorrows of Pius XII depend to a great extent on the sheep and lambs entrusted to his care. If they will heed his words, imitate his example, and co-operate in his work, Pius XII will guide the world out of the morass of evil and despair in which it now struggles, so blindly, so futilely."

ELIZABETH M. SLOYAN.

## A ROCK IN EVERY SNOWBALL

By Frank Sullivan. 220 pages. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.00

Although there is a typical *New Yorker* flavor to Mr. Sullivan's satire, all the items in this collection did not appear originally in that magazine. They have been gathered from such diverse publications as *Harper's* and *PM*, *Woman's Day* and *Stage*. Mr. Sullivan's humor is of a subtle sort, his satire never mean. Whether he is writing in the character of Mr. Arbuthnot, the cliché expert, or as just Frank Sullivan commenting on the El Morocco, fall in Saratoga, or why men should smell pretty too, his sketches manage always to pack a grin. And often as not, a punch. If we are not mistaken, this is Mr. Sullivan's eighth book since 1926. The Sage of Saratoga evidently still commands an enthusiastic following. *A Rock in Every Snowball* is recommended for small doses. Otherwise the true flavor may be lost.

DAVID BULMAN, C.P.

## CLEMENTINE

By Peggy Goodin. 246 pages. E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.50

At ten Clementine Theresa Kelley had two all-absorbing ambitions—to own a BB gun and to win the job of quarterback on the Hill City Junior Bengals. She and her girl friend Cathy Simmons did sometimes play at being the idolized Bennett sisters and Clem would on occasion surreptitiously sprinkle herself with a fragrant dash of her mother's *Desire Me*, but these diversions were by way of exception. Clem was a thoroughgoing tomboy. Even the male members of the sixth grade had a respectful admiration for her ten-year-old punch, and Clem took her tackling so seriously that some of the town's junior toughies whimpered a bit because she played "too rough" during football practice.

Before you finish the final page of this gay and diverting novel, Clem is sixteen. She has found a new interest in her daydreams (his name is Hank), developed a sudden interest in cooking, been inspired by a woman who made her feel that being a girl isn't such a tough break after all, known the thrill of wearing her first evening gown, been forced to put a young sophisticate in his place, and happily arrived at that stage of self-conscious adolescent solemnity known as "going steady." By this time she has won your heart completely (unless you are impervious to the delightfulness of American teen agers), and you have no difficulty agreeing with Abe, the handy man to whom she took her more serious questions, when he says gruffly, "Kid, you'll make a mighty fine mother someday."

Authoress Peggy Goodin is not far removed from her own teens. Perhaps that is why she writes so realistically of that span of years when every day is a new, exhilarating adventure and the joyous



An exciting new novel  
by the author of *AMEN, AMEN*

## Tale of the Twain

\$2.50 at your  
bookseller

by  
**SAM  
CONSTANTINO, Jr.**

This is the story of Tana-ko, a beautiful Eurasian girl whose right to love and happiness is challenged by conflict between the peoples of her two bloods. An absorbing story of tender romance and heart-breaking racial conflict. A first novel by a practical young Catholic idealist, pointing a way to world brotherhood.

HARPER & BROTHERS

## CHURCH-CRAFT PICTURES

FORMERLY CATHEDRAL PICTURES

### Announce . . .

A Change in Name—The Same Company—The Same Service—The Same Goal.

**NEW Picture Slide Sets**—45 Bible Story Sets Completed by September 30.

**NEW Christmas Story**—"Christmas Blessings"—40 Slides, Program Guide Free. Order early to avoid disappointment.

**NEW Producing Connection**—The Cecil B. de Mille Pictures Corp. for our new Slides.

See your Dealer—Order Early

Church-Craft Bible Story Slides—all in natural colors—size 2x2 inch in protective glass binders. Sold in sets only, standard price per slide 60c. Color circular, with full list of Church-Craft Bible Story Slide Sets. Free from your dealer on request.

CHURCH-CRAFT PICTURES, St. Louis 3, Mo.

### Recognized Leadership

Our recognized leadership assures you the Best of Bible Story Slides in Natural Colors. Here is the visual aid that vividly presents the Gospel message and its glorious salvation truth. Biblically correct and technically unrivaled. Thrills young and old, quickens Bible interest, deepens spiritual conviction.

For finer flavor, always ask for McCormick Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Mustards, Teas or Mayonnaise. "You can taste the difference."

Winner of 4 Army-Navy "E" Awards  
and 2 Agricultural "A" Awards



McCormick & Co., Inc. • Baltimore 2, Md.

The Jesuit Fathers Invite You To Visit  
THE NATIONAL SHRINE OF THE NORTH  
AMERICAN MARTYRS

**AURIESVILLE**  
founded 1642  
Altar-Stone of American Sacrifice

The Shrine celebrates this year the three hundredth anniversary of the deaths on Martyrs Hill of St. Isaac Jogues, Rene Goupil, and John Lalande. Auriesville is also the birthplace of Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha, Lily of the Mohawks.

**PILGRIMAGE SEASON**—May 2 to Oct. 28, 1946  
Accommodations at the Shrine Inn,  
Sisters Convent, Jogues Manor  
For information write: Rev. Director, Martyrs Hill,  
Auriesville, N. Y.

### Learn **CHINESE or SPANISH**

Read, write, and speak Chinese (Mandarin) or Spanish by correspondence. Write today to:

**KING'S INSTITUTE**  
P. O. Box 1055 Dallas, Texas



### BRONZE TABLETS

A genuine bronze tablet is a lasting and dignified tribute to those of your members who have served our country. The style illustrated is but one of the many distinctive

and beautiful tablets designed by our master-craftsmen.

A free full-size drawing of the tablet desired will be made on request upon receipt of your requirements. Send for illustrated catalog to Dept. T5.

"Bronze Tablet Headquarters"  
**United States Bronze Sign Co., Inc.**  
578 Broadway, New York 12

- ★ MEMORIALS
- ★ DONOR TABLETS
- ★ HONOR ROLLS
- ★ TESTIMONIALS
- ★ FEW PLATES

## MIRROR of CHRIST: FRANCIS of ASSISI

Isidore O'Brien, O.F.M.

An exceptionally appealing book in preparation for his feast in October. Factual, artistically written, it presents in popular form the life of the great mystic. 216 pp., \$2.50

## THE CHILDREN'S ST. FRANCIS

Catherine and Robb Beebe

Fourteen delightfully illustrated chapters tell the story of the Little Poor Man who saw his Maker in everything. 106 pp., paperbound, \$.50

Dept. 4-802

ST. ANTHONY GUILD PRESS  
PATERSON 3, NEW JERSEY

## STAINED GLASS EFFECTS

At Low Costs

Through the use of "Windowphanie" plain glass windows can be transformed into rich, colorful designs. Easily applied.

Ask for Free Sample

**S. MALZ**

65 Fifth Avenue

New York City



Extra  
MONEY  
order  
for  
100%  
Profit

Nationally Known For a Reason  
**CHRISTMAS CARDS**

**COMPARE!** our Values, Ideas and Profits!  
Our "1946 Prize Winner" 21-Folder Christmas Box, sells for \$1, sent on approval. No investment. Also Religious, etchings, glitter, gift wraps, birthdays,

everydays, etc. Work With A Leader backed by a quarter century of experience! Get Free Samples of our low-priced Christmas Cards, imprinted with sender's name, other imprints and novelty stationery. For Fund Raising! This easy, dignified, time-tested method raises money for Religious groups throughout the country, your organization can benefit, too! Act Now! Early Starters Make Most Money!  
Pen-a-Brush Studios, Dept. TS-8, 154 Nassau St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.

expectancy with which youth awaits its pleasures is matched only by the buoyancy with which it surmounts its disappointments. She has a sharp-eyed awareness of all the little traits and the almost unnoticed mannerisms which make up the spirit of American adolescents.

Reading *Clementine* is a refreshing experience, especially if you are worried about delinquency problems; for underneath Clem's seeming flippancy you will find a moral wholesomeness which could be reduplicated many times over in every high school in America.

ROBERT MICHELE

### THEME AND VARIATIONS

By Bruno Walter. 364 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00

Servant of Music. So the distinguished author truly classifies himself. The theme of his existence has been music. From his childhood days he had determined upon his life's work. There were no questions. Here we have an absorbing account of the full and deeply satisfying career he derived from his art.



B. Walter

A specially valuable contribution is made in the description of Bruno Walter's early years. The domestic scene of a modest Jewish home in Berlin, 1876 to 1893, where affection, simplicity, and love of music were the controlling forces, is painted in meticulous detail. To the generations who follow, this picture will be a revelation. The contrast presented by the cataclysmic events of the war-ridden years is shatteringly dramatic.

Bruno Walter made his first public appearance as a pianist at the age of nine in Berlin, and at seventeen conducted his first opera in Cologne. Vienna, Munich, the Salzburg Festival, London, Rome, and Moscow followed, and from 1923-1933 he made six trips to this country.

In Munich in 1914, he appealed to the then Nuncio Pacelli for help in the release of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who, because he was a Russian, had been arrested in the general fear of spies. Ossip Gabrilowitsch was a free man the next day, reunited with his wife and child—they later came to America. That compassionate Nuncio is our present Pope Pius XII.

In 1933 the Nazis commanded Bruno Walter to leave Germany, and his younger daughter met a violent death. Having sought refuge in various European countries, he finally came to America for a permanent home in 1939. He has since conducted with the Philharmonic Symphony of New York and the Metropolitan Opera. In 1944 he celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as a conductor.

EVA CONDON

### ARE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS PROGRESSIVE?

By L. J. O'Connell, 167 pages. B. Herder Book Company. \$1.75

Breaking into Father O'Connell's little book is akin to pulling the ribbons atop a box of confections and peering inside at its mouth-watering contents. Here, with all the preciseness of chocolates in a box, you will find both the bitter and the sweet of progressive education in a tidy package which is no mere literary luxury. By progressive education Father O'Connell means the experimental or newer type of teaching as opposed to conventional or traditional education. To quote Dr. Holland's foreword: "This book fulfills a long-standing need in the literature of education. It is the first thorough attempt to examine both the good and the bad in the practices of progressive education in the light of Catholic philosophy and to identify those of an acceptable nature which are being followed in the Catholic schools of the country."

Having thoroughly surveyed the courses of study followed by the twenty largest diocesan elementary school systems, annual reports, and other collections in the St. Louis University Curriculum Laboratory, the author is ably qualified to chart the extent to which we follow progressive practices. The work abounds with references to sources recognized in progressive circles, and these are skillfully blended to trace the origin and development of progressivism. Father O'Connell clearly and concisely states the Catholic position with regard to such a philosophy of education. Especially commendable, we believe, is the scholarly summary of conclusions offered in the final six pages.

Non-Catholic teachers, parents, and laymen in general should derive considerable profit from this fine exposition of our educational philosophy and aims; Catholics should draw from it a deeper appreciation of our priceless legacy.

FREDERICK J. FRAZER

### THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS

By Ronald Knox. 374 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$2.50

Even when he is being most profound, Monsignor Knox has a way of not becoming ponderous. Though he may be interpreting an exceedingly difficult passage of Sacred Scriptures for us, he writes with a jauntiness and a friend-to-friend manner which puts us at our ease, despite our lack of similar erudition, and makes us feel that perhaps his explanation won't be so terribly deep after all. This does not in any way detract from his scholarship; it just makes the business of learning a little less painful.

Here he gives us not only the Sunday Epistles and Gospels clothed in the pleasant, rhythmic, and clarifying diction of his recent translation, but also

THE † SIGN



One of the most moving, most hopeful books to come out of the war . . .  
a spiritually and mentally exciting story about a monk, a monastery, and  
the Nazis . . . It is yours



absolutely  
**FREE!**

with your subscription to the  
**CATHOLIC LITERARY FOUNDATION**

Written in a German internment camp, **NOW WITH THE MORNING STAR** is the dramatic story of the impact of the Nazis on a German monastery and the simple, virtuous men within. Immediately upon publication critics recognized its excellence. "I have read this book with great emotion," says Andre Maurois; "the story is simple, but charged with profound meaning . . . is beautiful and new, told with a sensitivity and a lack of artifice which makes it a work of art." Father Gardiner of *America* wrote, "I know of no other book by a layman that catches the spirit and meaning of the world of monastic life. The hate that riots in the world and one simple man's awakening to the fact that he, singlehanded and alone, can do something to bring a leaven of love into the Maelstrom—therein lies the seed of greatness of this book." And the *Chicago Sun* described it as having ". . . verity and truth and tenderness. It is excellently written and moving. There is not a word but has profound meaning." **NOW WITH THE MORNING STAR** is typical of the best sellers offered members of the Foundation.



**Add good books to your library—the convenient, economical Foundation way**

Month after month its service places the best works of Catholic writers in your hands. And your selections in the Foundation are diverse—biography, fiction, history, spiritual reading, and current events are offered. Every book can be added to your library with the knowledge that it can be shared by all the members of your family . . . no worry about anything the least objectionable appearing in any of them.

**To join the CATHOLIC LITERARY FOUNDATION**

Simply sign the coupon attached and mail. Membership costs nothing. You owe no dues for the many privileges of the Foundation. All you need buy is a minimum of five books a year. Your selection is described in the monthly Forecast which is sent to you without charge. The Forecast also features other new, outstanding books, plus informative articles about Catholic authors. Each time you have purchased five books you receive another Free Book Dividend, a new book, especially selected by the Foundation Book Selection Committee.

All you do is pay for the books as they come to you, plus ten cents postage. You receive automatically each month—unless you indicate otherwise—an especially chosen selection as soon as it comes from the press. It is sent to you on five days' approval. If you are in any way dissatisfied you may return the book for full credit.

**THE CATHOLIC LITERARY FOUNDATION**  
209 Montgomery Bldg., Milwaukee 1, Wis.

Gentlemen: You may enter my name as a subscriber to the Catholic Literary Foundation and send me **NOW WITH THE MORNING STAR** as my free enrollment premium. I agree to purchase at least five books a year, and understand that a free book dividend will be sent to me after the purchase of every five books.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Maternity Dress

FROM  
AMERICA'S  
FASHION  
CENTER



You'll keep right on wearing this dress long after baby's arrival! It doesn't look like a maternity dress and it doesn't act like one either!

There are no bothersome buttons or snaps to keep re-sewing. Every bit of adjustment is taken care of by the clever elastic inserts in the waistline. Styled with a flattering, square neckline, a dainty, ruffled yoke, a full bodice and a separate self belt.

Good quality cotton fabrics—guaranteed vat dyed and pre-shrunk. Colors: aqua, light blue and maize. (We reserve the right to mail the color available when order is received.)

Sold by mail only. Your money back if not completely satisfied.

**\$3.98**  
each

No. C.O.D.'s

L. H. CARTER (Department 204)  
34 East 22nd Street  
New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me ..... of your Maternity  
Dresses at \$3.98 each, postage paid. Size 12  
14 16 18 20 (circle size wanted). I enclose  
check or money order (DO NOT MAIL CASH).

Name .....

Address .....

some very illuminating commentaries. These reveal an acquaintance with the best authorities in scriptural exegesis but are not mere repetitions.

JOSEPH P. HEMLER

## TALE OF THE TWAIN

By Sam Constantino, 295 pages.  
Harper and Brothers. \$2.50

Many a young hopeful has turned his hand to fiction and has made the fateful blunder of inanely duplicating the *Hecate County-Arch of Triumph* formula. With hopelessly inartistic, mainly sordid results. Now comes along another young hopeful, an ex-serviceman who has already attained satisfying success in the nonfiction field with his *Amen, Amen*. His first novel has the merit of refreshing independence of the formula. The result is a good story, even an engrossing story well told. The author has woven his tale with a large measure of astuteness into the background of the Nisei problem and against the larger background of American occupation policy in Japan. Either he has firsthand knowledge of both these problems or else he has done a formidable amount of research to make his narrative so meticulously authentic in detail.

Stu Crane was like many another young American in those nostalgic days before gold stars came back into fashion. Just out of college and on a photographic assignment in San Francisco, he met lovely Tana-ko—Tana-ko, Eurasian, unaccepted in her native Kobe because her mother was white, unwanted in San Francisco because her father was yellow. Love was inevitable. Separation, too. And an ocean lay between, that and a sea of unreasoning prejudices, of wild distrusts, and fierce tradition. Then Pearl Harbor. Stu's enlistment in the Signal Corps. The wheels of hate in Japan and the wheels of hate in America. With great deftness, the story shuttles back and forth between the two lands.

Wide as was the sea in the physical sense between Stu and Tana-ko, war bridged it. They and other individuals may meet and love and part. But between East and West the sea is as wide as ever. War couldn't bridge it. Nor will peace, unless wisdom and charity are summoned to council tables. Wide is the sea. And in the long, cigarette-smoke silences of conference rooms when votes are cast, must men go on making certain that the twain shall never meet? There is the meat of this book.

By no means a major novel. By all means a very good novel by a potential craftsman of high caliber who with greater discipline and maturity may yet rank among the best. LOUIS BURNETT



S. Constantino

## SHORT NOTICES

**ALMS FOR OBLIVION.** By George Carver. 325 pages. The Bruce Publishing Company. \$3.00. Professor Carver presents a treatment of his lecture notes on the trends of English biography, selecting for discussion the theories of four authors who wrote before the end of Elizabeth's reign, five each from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, nine from the nineteenth, and two moderns. Gamaliel Bradford and Washington Irving are the only Americans chosen. In the main the treatment is historical, indicating how biography was written, rather than interpretative. There is little flavor of the authors themselves, although quotations are used, and the subjects of the biographies are not particularly vivid. This is due in part to the brevity of the sketches.

**THE ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.** Translated by Raphael Collins. 352 pages. The Newman Bookshop. \$4.00. It is almost forty years since we have had an American edition of the Roman Martyrology. Since this is one of the official books of the Liturgy, it should be immediately evident that Father Collins has performed a notable service for the Catholic laity in offering them this English translation. Each day Mother Church celebrates the heavenly birthday of more than one saint; the Martyrology, which is read at Prime during the choral recitation of the Divine Office, commemorates briefly the life and sanctity of the holy men and women honored that day. Those interested in fostering liturgical piety, either in themselves or in others, should have this book.

**BY CROSS AND ANCHOR.** By James K. Jamison. 225 pages. St. Anthony Guild Press. \$2.50. Frederic Baraga, who became the first Bishop of Marquette, was an apostle to the Indians in the Lake Superior region. For thirty-seven years he worked among them, gaining their confidence in the white man and winning their souls for God's kingdom. The author, who is a non-Catholic, has from his youth been acquainted with the Indian legends surrounding the strong and saintly personality of Father Baraga.

**FRANCES SCHERVIER.** By Sister Pauline. 89 pages. Congregation of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. Frances Schervier, whose cause for beatification is in progress, was the foundress of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. Here we have the story of her career as the animating spirit of a holy crusade for the poor and the sick. Last year her daughters celebrated the centenary of their religious foundation; their hospital work has been carried on in the United States for over eighty-five years.

## Reviewers

**HALLETT ABEND,** well-known lecturer on the Far East, has recently published a book entitled *Reconquest*.

**EVA CONDON** is a stellar performer both on the stage and in radio work.

**REV. FREDERICK FRAZER** teaches English literature at St. Thomas More High School in Philadelphia.

**REV. JOHN L. MADDEN** is professor of rhetoric at the Preachers' Institute held each summer at the Catholic University.

**ELIZABETH SLOYAN** is assistant columnist in the publicity department of the National Office of the Propagation of the Faith.

**ELDA TANASSO** has been successfully engaged in free lance writing and lives in Harrison, New York.

# Fiction in Focus

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

**The Miracle of the Bells** by Russell Janney

**Speak the Sin Softly** by Cy Caldwell

**Presently Tomorrow** by Joyce Marshall

**The American** by Howard Fast

**The Unterrified** by Constance Robertson

**The Innocents of Paris** by Gilbert Cesbron

**The Miracle of the Bells** by Russell Janney

► Bill Dunnigan, a Hollywood press agent, brings the body of Olga Trocki to her home town for burial. He had suggested the unknown actress for the principal role in a film. Olga gave a superlative performance, but died as production was completed. Convinced that her death would destroy the picture's commercial value, the producer shelved it and discharged Dunnigan. Hard up, anxious to recover his job, determined to secure the film's release and recognition for Olga, Dunnigan persuades the humble priest in charge of the town's poorest parish to ring the bells for four days and nights and to get the other local clergy to do the same in their churches.

This clanging carnival makes a news story of national importance. The whole country becomes excited about Olga and the picture. Her funeral is a smash hit, and she achieves posthumous renown; Dunnigan is rehired at a big increase in salary; the film is assured an enthusiastic reception; the priest and his parish benefit financially; the town is spiritually improved; and changes for the better are wrought in many lives.

Mr. Janney has told this outlandish and frequently distasteful, if not downright ghoulish, story at prodigious length and with a prodigality of subplot. Severe pruning would have immeasurably improved it. But, however condensed, it would still be arrantly sentimental, improbable, and in dubious taste. It makes excellent points in its insistence on the tragedy of the divorce between religion and life, on the need for having religion irrigate all of life, and on the social character and effects of the liturgy. But it appears to advocate a dilution of Catholicism; it is graced by a bishop whose talk smacks of the modernist heresy; and it is loose, indeed ludicrous, in its definition and multiplication of miracles.

(Prentice-Hall. \$3.00)

**Speak the Sin Softly** by Cy Caldwell

► The thesis of this novel, acrid and ponderously ironical, is as familiar as it is false: namely, (1) the Catholic Church is essentially an age-old conspiracy and mechanism for achieving despotic power; (2) the fundamental principle of the Church's operation is that the end justifies the means (murder, defamation, lying, or what you will); and (3) a good, sincere, devout priest is sure to be disillusioned, shaken in his faith, and broken by his scheming superiors when he tries to uphold the teachings of Christ against the satanic villainy of the hierarchy.

To illustrate this absurd and vicious canard, the author has contrived a preposterous mess of plottage involving an innocent, not to say naïve, young Italian missionary in Ecuador, two sluts who tempt him, and a maze of political chicanery in which Church leaders work unscrupulously for the entrenchment of reactionary forces at the expense of the people.

At first fairly bland in its denigration, the trumpery narrative seems well calculated to deceive not a few readers, the more so because it is lavishly greased with lechery. But the climax, with its fanatical Jesuit (looking like a vulture, yet) is too nonsensical in its distortive spite to be accepted by any save the most maniacal bigot. How well Mr. Caldwell is acquainted with Catholicism is illustrated by the howlers which strew his pages: e.g., a vicar general addressed as "Your Eminence"; a priest using incense on a sick call; a confessor regarding his function as to pray for forgiveness for the penitent, etc. Ignorance plus animus equals rank trash.

(Julian Messner. \$2.75)

**Presently Tomorrow** by Joyce Marshall

► Still another clergyman is under the lens of malice, this time a Church of England divine referred to as a priest. Craig Everett comes to a Canadian school for girls to give a week-end retreat for a fluttering covey of freakish spinsters. At the school are four girls, the others having already left on vacation. During the retreat crises come in Craig's life and in that of one of the girls, Ann, who is standing, troubled, on the threshold of adulthood.

Craig had been railroaded into the clerical life by his frigid, masterful

mother. His present post is at a fashionable church as assistant to a man who licks the boots of the rich. Craig resolves to leave the ministry and thus be no longer trapped in mummery and set apart from real life and his fellow humans. At the school his release comes: through fornication with a nymphomaniac. This uplifting experience matures and liberates him. "I think it is my sin," he says, "that in some subtle way has made me free." One seems to recall a different version in the Gospel. Thus improved, he is ready to fling himself into social service. Just as Craig puts away what the author misrepresents as the childishness of religion, Ann, hovering on the edge of his struggle and triumph, puts away the foolishness of her chronological childhood. A wild caricature of religion, this is a soberly performed exercise in intellectual silliness. (Little, Brown. \$2.50)

**The American** by Howard Fast

► The career of John Peter Altgeld, governor of Illinois in the '90's, is juggled, colored, and slanted by Mr. Fast in such a way as to make it a Stalinist tract, an unequivocal, strong argument for the inevitability and perfection of socialism as contrasted with the intrinsic rottenness of democracy and the best-regulated capitalism. The book's purpose is indistinguishable from that of the Soviet propagandists who pelt everything American with damning epithets.

In previous works, Mr. Fast has shown uncommon ability in the construction of vivid, spare, and supple historical novels. It is evident here, but enfeebled. His people still are recognizable human beings, not waxwork figures; his setting has a contemporary clarity; his stripping down and articulation of complicated, many-leveled happenings is unusually impressive. Thus, Altgeld's career, from laborer on his immigrant father's farm, to man of wealth and power, to crusader for justice, to prematurely aged political has-been, is sharply drawn. But all this skill is negated by the author's determination to superimpose an arbitrary and alien theory on his material and to put on Altgeld's life an interpretation which would surely have astonished the subject, however mightily it will please those who would make ours a collectivist society.

It must be added that the author has used an inordinate number of clichés, has resorted to the endless repetition of "My God" as his almost solitary device for emphasis in dialogue, and has lapsed into anachronisms of speech.

(Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$3.00)

**The Unterrified** by Constance Robertson

► As in *Firebell in the Night*, Miss Robertson is here writing of upstate New York during the Civil War. In



1862, Senator King, a Democrat close to Governor Seymour, is opposed to Lincoln and the war, which he considers wholly of the President's making and altogether wrong. King's son Ranyard shares his view that peace with the Confederacy should be negotiated at once. His nephew Dexter, on the contrary, is an ardent supporter of Lincoln and loses an arm in the Union army. Complications mount with the Senator's taking a second wife: young and beautiful Lacey, a Kentuckian. Both Ranyard and Dexter, as well as the Senator's younger son Nate, are enchanted and disturbed by the lovely Lacey, who seems to be on remarkably friendly terms with John Andrews, a Southerner professing to think as the Kings do about the war.

Andrews heads an organization ostensibly aimed at blocking a federal draft, but actually treasonable and intended to sabotage the whole Union war effort. The book's slowly scaled peak is the recreation of the draft riots, in which Nate is killed, Andrews unmasked, and Lacey's work disclosed.

This is a prolix, sometimes melodramatic piece, dealing in slack and routine fashion with an intriguing aspect of the Civil War which the many novelists who have overworked the general subject, have not touched. The author meanders where she should have trotted.

(Henry Holt, \$3.00)

#### The Innocents of Paris by Gilbert Cesbron

► Mr. Cesbron has a fresh, engaging theme which, for the most part, he handles adroitly. His principal characters are a gang of small boys who live in Paris and in a wonderland of their own imagination. The time is before the late war. The youngsters are of different types, though all from lower middle class families, and the author has communicated the individuality, the separateness of each, as well as the common entity which they form. They have a hut of their own, complete with second-hand treasures and a small menagerie. They have odd friends in the adult world. They roam the city intent on adventure and often caught in misadventures. Their Eden is finally invaded by an adolescent scoundrel.

Its style thick with metaphor, this is a charming, affecting, delightful work. Some episodes, like the reign of terror in the park, are hilarious; others, like one boy's unplanned visit to an old folks' home, are deeply touching; one or two, like the mad chase through the Church of St. Sulpice, are farcical in the Keystone cops tradition. A casual narrative which crystallizes the mind and the spirit of boyhood, this is universal in implication and application while unmistakably Parisian in every line.

(Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50)

### COLLEGE OF OUR LADY OF THE ELMS CHICOPEE, MASS.

For the higher education of women. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. Chartered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to confer collegiate degrees. Affiliated with the Catholic University of America. Registered by the University of the State of New York. Membership in the Association of American Colleges and New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Resident and non-resident students

### SIENA HEIGHTS ADRIAN, MICHIGAN A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Fully Accredited. Conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic. Bachelor Degrees in Arts, Science, Philosophy, Music, Commercial Education, Home Economics, Teacher Training; Dramatics; Pre-Legal and Pre-Medical Courses; Two year Terminal Course in Secretarial Work. Exceptional Opportunities in Art.  
Beautiful Buildings Interesting Campus Life  
For Further Information Address the Dean

### COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA WINONA, MINN.

For the Higher Education of Catholic Women. Registered for Teacher's License by the New York Board of Regents. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Holds Membership in the North Central Association of Colleges. Standard courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, and Bachelor of Science in Nursing.  
A standardized Conservatory of Music is maintained in connection with the college. Address the Secretary.

### Caldwell College for Women

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic  
CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY  
Offering A.B. and B.S. Degrees  
Teacher and Secretarial Training

### COLLEGE OF SAINT ELIZABETH

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, on the approved list of the Association of American Universities. Campus of 400 acres. Modern residence halls. Standard courses in arts and science. Business administration, home economics, pre-medical, teacher training, music. B. A. and B. S. degrees.  
Address Dean, Convent Station, New Jersey

### DELBARTON SCHOOL

Country DAY and BOARDING SCHOOL for BOYS

Conducted by Benedictine Fathers  
Massive granite structure; 400 acres; lake; all sports; small classes; supervised study. 6th to 10th Grades. Accredited.

Address: Secretary, Delbarton School, Morristown, New Jersey. Phone: Mo. 4-3231.

### LADYCLIFF COLLEGE Highland Falls, New York

Four-year Course leading to the Degree of B.A., B.S., B. Mus. Ladycliff Academy for GIRLS. Elementary and High School departments. Boys' department for Primary, Intermediate and Grammar Grades.

### LA SALLE MILITARY ACADEMY

Accredited college preparation under Brothers of the Christian Schools, 7th grade through High School, meeting war and peacetime demands. Small classes. R.O.T.C. Two regulation rifle ranges. 26-acre playing field, gym. 61st year. 50 miles from N. Y. C.—railway convenient. Catalog.

REV. BROTHER BRENDAN,  
BOX 5, OAKDALE, L. I., N. Y.

### THE COLLEGE OF ST. ROSE

ALBANY, NEW YORK

A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women.

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph  
DAY PUPILS AND BOARDERS

### MOUNT ST. JOSEPH

Boarding School for Your Boy

Conducted by Brothers of St. Francis Xavier since 1876. Students from East to West coast; Central and So. America. Scientific, Classical, and Business courses. GRADES 7-12. Accredited by Middle States Association and Maryland. All major sports, band, orchestra. Directed study and play.

Address: Headmaster, Box H,  
Irvington, Baltimore 23, Md., for catalog.

### ACADEMY OF SAINT JOSEPH IN-THE-PINES

Brentwood, Long Island New York  
Boarding School for Girls, Elementary and High School Departments. Affiliated with the State University. Complete courses in Art, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Commercial Subjects. Extensive Grounds, Athletics, Horseback Riding, Outdoor Skating Rink

Address Directress

### ST. JOHN'S VILLA ACADEMY

CLEVELAND PLACE, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK

RESIDENT and DAY SCHOOL

Elementary, High School and Commercial  
Phone Gih. 7-4150

### ST. GENEVIEVE-OF-THE-PINES

Asheville, North Carolina

Distinctive—Accredited

JUNIOR COLLEGE—HIGH SCHOOL  
GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Address: The Reverend Mother

Secretarial, Liberal Arts, Home Economics,  
College Preparatory and Terminal Courses.

Resident and Day

"IN THE LAND OF THE SKY"

### Mt. St. Mary-on-the-Hudson

Newburgh, New York

stresses character, health, spiritual and mental development. Art, music, athletics.

Highly accredited.

Catalog. Sisters of St. Dominic

### MOUNT ASSUMPTION INSTITUTE

Plattsburg, N. Y.

Catholic BOARDING SCHOOL for Boys

New York State Regents  
Academic, Commercial and Grammar School  
Departments

Moderate Prices—All Sports—Modern Buildings  
New York References Gladly Given  
Direct railroad and bus lines

For catalog, Address Rev. Brother Director

### College of Mount Saint Joseph-on-the-Ohio

Beautifully located near Cincinnati, Ohio

Conducted by SISTERS OF CHARITY

Devoted to Higher Education of Women

Standard courses leading to B.A., B.S., B. Mus., and B.S. in Mus. Education. In cooperation with the Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati, a five-year course leads to degree of B.S. and diploma of Graduate Nurse.

For Prospectus Address The Dean, Mount St. Joseph, Ohio

### St. Mary's Springs Academy Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

Co-educational Day School Residence for GIRLS  
High School and Preparatory Departments State Accredited. Affiliated with the North Central Association of Secondary Schools.

Address: The Registrar

## MORRIS SCHOOL FOR BOYS

SEARCY, ARKANSAS

Conducted by FRANCISCAN BROTHERS

Modern Buildings—Ideal Climate.  
Tuition per month \$35.00. Elementary 5th grade to 8th included. Two years high school.

## MARYWOOD

ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA

Resident and Day School for GIRLS  
Conducted by Sisters of Providence of St. Mary-of-the-Woods. College preparatory. University affiliation.

For Catalog, address The Registrar

## IMMACULATA JUNIOR COLLEGE

Washington, D.C.

An accredited Catholic Institution for Women. Sisters of Providence of St. Mary-of-the-Woods. Resident and Day Students. 2 year transfer course in Liberal Arts. Terminal courses in Home Crafts, Secretarial Science, General, Fine Arts.

SEMINARY—Four Year College Preparatory. Dunblane Hall—Grades 1 to 8. Address: Box 25

## ARCHMERE

Catholic Country Resident

PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Under Norbertine Canons

Junior and Senior High School Courses

College Preparation Emphasized. Small Classes.

Limited Enrollment. All Sports. New Gym.

Fully Accredited.

VERY REV. HEADMASTER

Box 66-M, Claymont, Delaware

## BARRY COLLEGE for WOMEN

MIAMI, FLORIDA

Conducted by

Sisters of St. Dominic, Adrian, Michigan  
Degrees in Arts and Science; Music, Teacher Training, Home Economics, Business.

Beautiful campus with outdoor swimming pool. All sports.

For Information Address the Dean

## ST. JOSEPH'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Box B, BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY

Boarding and Day School for BOYS

Conducted by Xaverian Brothers. Seventh grade thru High School. State Accredited. Individual and Small Group Instruction Emphasized. All Sports. Moderate Tuition. Send for Catalog.

## ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY

Portland, Maine

A select boarding school and day school, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Accredited by the Catholic University of America, the State Department of Education and by the New England College Entrance Board. Beautifully situated three miles from the city, in extensive grounds. Elementary and High School Departments.

Address Directress

## MOUNT SAINT AGNES COLLEGE

MOUNT WASHINGTON

BALTIMORE 9, MARYLAND

A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Courses leading to Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science Degrees. Liberal Arts, Science, Commerce, Nursing, Medical Technology, Pre-Medical.

Two-year Terminal Courses leading to Associate in Arts Diploma (Junior College Diploma) are offered in the Lower Division of the College.

## REGIS COLLEGE

Weston Massachusetts

Conducted by Sisters of Saint Joseph

B.A. and B.S. Degrees

Liberal Arts, Secretarial Science

Home Economics Curricula

For catalog: Address the Registrar

## ACADEMY OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT

Tuxedo Park, New York

Founded 1847

Accredited by the Middle States Association

Chartered by the Regents

Country school for girls, beautifully located among the Ramapo Hills. College Preparatory and General Courses, Art, Music, Dramatics, Home Economics, Athletics including all sports. Send for illustrated catalogue C. Phone Tuxedo 230.

## College of New Rochelle

New Rochelle, New York

Conducted by the Ursuline Nuns

Offering A.B. and B.S. Degrees

Accredited By the Association of American Universities

Westchester County—Sixteen Miles From Grand Central Station New York City

## COLLEGE OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT

Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 63, N. Y.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY

Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees Liberal Arts, Nursing, Commerce Education, and Pedagogy

Accredited by the Association of American Universities

Campus bordering Hudson River

Address Secretary

One half hour from Grand Central Station New York City

## SETON HILL COLLEGE

GREENSBURG PENNSYLVANIA

Pre-Professional Training For Medicine, Law, and Social Service. Teacher Education.

Degrees in Liberal Arts, Music, Home Economics

Accredited by Association of American Universities

Women from 11 foreign countries and 37 American States

## ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa.

Conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. A College for Catholic Women. Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts, Sciences and Letters. For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the P. E. R.

Address Registrar

## MT. GALLITZEN ACADEMY

Boarding School

for Boys

Baden, Penna.

20 Miles West of Pittsburgh

Address Directress

## MOUNT ST. CHARLES ACADEMY

Boarding School for BOYS Woonsocket, R. I.

Directed by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. Grade 6 through High School. State Accredited. Classical, Scientific, Commercial, and General Courses—Pre-Flight Aeronautics. Very moderate rates. Write for catalog.

## De Sales Heights, Visitation Academy

Parkersburg, West Virginia

Accredited by the West Virginia State Department of Education. Boarding and Day School for GIRLS. College Preparatory. General and Commercial Courses. Intermediate Department. Ideal Location.

Address the SISTER DIRECTRESS

## Elderly people seeking a permanent home

—or who wish to spend the summer or winter in sunny Victoria, are welcomed at St. Mary's Priory Guest House (once the Glenisland Hotel). For prospectus write:

The Mother Priorress, St. Mary's Priory  
Bernard Avenue, Victoria, B.C., Canada

## EVEN IF YOU DON'T KNOW A NOTE OF MUSIC NOW...

You Can Learn Your Favorite Instrument This Easy A-B-C Way

• No special talent, no previous training needed. This U. S. School home-study method is so successful because you learn to play by playing real tunes by note, right from the start. And just think, you can learn your favorite instrument for only 7c a day. If interested, mail coupon for FREE Booklet and Print-and-Picture Sample. See for yourself how easy it is to learn any instrument, right at home, in spare time, without a private teacher.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,  
629 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.



## FREE! Print and Picture Sample

U. S. School of Music, 629 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

If I am interested in music study, particularly in the instrument checked below. Please send your free illustrated booklet, "How to Learn Music at Home," and the free Print-and-Picture Sample.

Piano Guitars Saxophone Modern Harmonium  
Hawaiton Guitar Trumpet, Cornet Easy Harmony  
Violin Reed Organ Other Instrument  
Piano Accordion Tenor Banjo Have you Instr.

Name.....

(PLEASE PRINT)

Street.....

City.....State.....

## A Passionist Vocation for Girls!

Perhaps Our Lord is calling You to serve Him. The Passionist Sisters are a Congregation of trained Social Workers and Educators, affiliated with the Passionist Fathers. The Novitiate for the United States is at Mt. St. Joseph, Bristol, R. I. For particulars apply to the Rev. Mother Provincial, C.P.

## Jesuit Brothers

Men over 18, who do not wish to become priests but feel called to Religious life and are willing to work as members of the Society of Jesus, are invited to write to Father John A. Hughes, S.J., 501 East Fordham Road, New York 58, N. Y. Please give age, education, and reason for requesting information. Jesuit Brothers do not study or teach. They help in temporal concerns in the colleges or on the foreign missions.

### DO YOU WISH TO BECOME A PRIEST?



We welcome to our Society any worthy young man who is sincerely willing to leave the world and consecrate himself to God. As a Salvatorian Home-Missionary Priest he will devote his life either to giving retreats, missions, lectures, special Sunday and feast-day sermons, or to the work of education and the apostolate of the press. As a Missionary of the Foreign Missions a varied and great apostolate awaits him; but ordinarily only volunteers are sent.

Graduates of the elementary school, and such as have had some or complete high school or college, OR ARE ADVANCED IN YEARS are welcome to correspond. Advanced students who are deficient in Latin credits receive special courses. If you are too poor to pay the full fees we shall seek to solve your problem through the aid of special benefactors.

Such as have had six years of Latin enter the novitiate immediately. No charged Write to the address below saying you want to become a Salvatorian Priest and indicate your age, health, extent of education etc.

VERY REV. FATHER PROVINCIAL. SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE SAVIOR, ST. NAZIANZ, WIS.

### OR A LAY BROTHER?

#### No Studies, No Tuition Required

Join our active and contemplative Society if you wish to consecrate yourself to God as a Lay Brother, devoting your life to prayer and work in the peace and quiet of the monastery.

If you know a trade, place it in the service of God. If you are not skilled in a trade, we shall be glad to teach you one. Develop what is good in you for God's Cause! Ask for information saying you want to become a Brother and tell us something about yourself, age, education, health etc.

## MOST HOLY TRINITY FATHERS

offer to young Men and Boys the opportunity to study for the Order. Lack of Funds no impediment. Candidates for the religious lay-brotherhood also accepted.

For further information write to

Very Rev. Father Provincial, O.S.S.T. Sacred Heart Monastery, Park Heights Avenue Pikesville, (Baltimore-8), Maryland

The Franciscan Fathers of the Third Order Regular of Saint Francis now offer special advantages and opportunities to boys over fourteen years of age, who wish to study for the Priesthood. For information, write to Rev. Father Superior, T.O.R., 1300 Newton Street, N.E., Washington 17, D.C.

### AN INVITATION FROM CHRIST

To all ZEALOUS YOUNG MEN who have the sincere desire to become Missionary Priests plus the necessary mental, physical, and spiritual qualifications. The Graymoor Friars, Missionary Franciscans, offer you the sublime opportunity of devoting your life to the thrilling work of saving souls on home or foreign missions. Young men may enter the Seminary at Graymoor in September, after the 8th Grade or the Completion of any High School or College Year. Write: Father Daniel Francis, S.A., Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y. Lay Brothers, too, are needed!

Write: Father Angelus Francis, S.A., Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

**WANTED**—Trained case workers and working supervisor. Agency is expanding its family and child welfare services. Good supervision and adequate salary based on training and experience. Transportation paid to San Francisco. Write Catholic Social Service, 995 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California.

## They Also Serve . . .

**A**VOCATION to the Brotherhood, as to the Priesthood, is a grace from God. One who has the right intention of dedicating his life to the Divine Master by the vows of religion, might well ask himself whether God is offering him this grace. Any applicant who is interested in becoming a Passionist Brother is requested to write to:

Very Rev. Father Provincial, C. P. 5700 No. Harlem Avenue Chicago, Ill.

## FRANCISCAN

Missionary Brothers of the Sacred Heart devote themselves to caring for the sick and needy. Young men between the ages of 18 and 35, who desire to consecrate their life to God in this service, are invited to correspond with

Rev. Brother Superior St. Joseph Monastery Eureka, Missouri

### BOYS CALLED to the SERVICE of GOD

The Minor Seminary of the Discalced Carmelite Fathers receives young men and boys who feel themselves called to serve God in the religious state. Boys who have finished grammar school or higher grades may apply to:

REV. FATHER RECTOR, O.C.D. Minor Seminary of Our Lady Holy Hill P. O., Hubertus, Wisconsin  
Worthy boys unable to pay board and tuition will be given consideration.

## The Religious Hospitalers of St. Joseph

conduct the St. Bernard's and the St. George's Hospitals, Chicago, Illinois. Young Ladies interested in devoting their lives in Religion to the care of the sick, address, Rev. Mother Superior, 6337 Harvard Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

### THE FRANCISCAN SISTERS

of Calais have now a Novitiate at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Their work comprises every duty relative to the care of the sick in Hospital. Young ladies interested should correspond with the

MOTHER SUPERIOR Our Lady of the Lake Sanitarium Baton Rouge, Louisiana

### SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS

of Maryville, Missouri, conduct hospitals and orphanages. Young ladies desirous of winning souls to Christ by sharing in this noble work, are welcome and are invited to communicate with the Mother Superior, Sisters of St. Francis, Maryville, Missouri.

### The Sisters of the Little Company of Mary

devote their lives to the care and assistance of the sick and dying. Candidates between 17 and 30 years of age are accepted. For further information write to The Little Company of Mary Novitiate, San Pierre, Indiana or to The Little Company of Mary Hospital, Evergreen Park, Illinois.

### MISSIONARY BENEDICTINE SISTERS

Young ladies who wish to join a life of prayer and apostolic work, according to Benedictine ideals, may write for information to Mother Prioress of the Missionary Benedictine Sisters, Immaculata Convent, Norfolk, Nebraska.



## Food for Thought

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The article, "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle," by Margaret Budenz, in the July issue of THE SIGN, contains food for thought for everybody who wishes to walk "in the way of the Lord." Many will gain much spiritually if they apply themselves to the wonderful thoughts expressed and which can be extended to apply to other walks of life than motherhood.

JOHN E. CONWAY

Long Island City, N. Y.

## Anti-OPA

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have read with surprise and dismay your comment in the August issue of THE SIGN on the OPA. It follows almost exactly the Communist "line" on the same subject.

Do you really believe that opposition to the OPA was supported only by those who want inflation? Or that the N.A.M. wants inflation?

Millions of Americans oppose the OPA because they believe that the control exercised by this bureaucratic agency is preventing normal production, and that the policies of the Government in Washington are causing inflation.

What is more important, we opposed the extension of the OPA because it continues to place control over a great deal of our actions in the central government, which tendency all good Americans realize is bad for the future of our beloved country if it is to continue to be the land of the "free."

Government control is an attribute of all totalitarian governments, and when those in this country who believe in government control of everyone, body and soul, are 100 per cent for a strong OPA, we can be sure we are on the right side if we take the opposite viewpoint.

FRANK GANSSE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## "The Piper Must Be Paid"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I quote the following two opening sentences from the editorial entitled, "The Piper Must Be Paid," on Page 9 of the August issue of THE SIGN:

"Out of the welter of bickerings over OPA, one thing has become profusely evident: those who have crusaded for abolition of price control really want inflation. They really want big price increases."

That statement, I believe, is a very ignorant misstatement of fact. I myself am not an industrialist. I have a fairly responsible job at a fairly modest salary. I own no stock in any business corporation. But



I know many eminently successful businessmen, and there isn't one of those I know who doesn't believe that they are better off doing a big volume at low prices than a small volume at high prices.

To me that whole editorial smacks of political propaganda. I know that the people of my acquaintance who oppose price control do so because they realize the only way to beat inflation is to increase production. But you can't get away from higher prices. The farmer is getting two to three times as much as he did before the war. Labor is getting at least twice as much per hour as before the war and producing less per hour. That adds up to much higher prices, no matter what technological improvements management may develop.

Actually, I know of no opposition to continuation of rent controls because here was a situation where an increase in prices could not speedily accomplish an increase in production. I believe, too, that the main opposition to continued price control resulted from very faulty administration of the law by OPA. In many cases, they ignored the law in their regulations. I am connected with the food industry, and I am sure that all in that industry will heartily welcome transfer of authority over food prices to the Secretary of Agriculture because he is concerned with increased production, and, I believe, will obey the stated objectives of the new law to secure increased production. That's the thing that will get prices down eventually.

T. N. SCHOONMAKER

Glen Ridge, N. J.

### Defense of Labor

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I heartily applaud your articles in defense of Labor. This letter is written to assure you that the reaction of your readers is not unanimously unfavorable, which is the impression one might get from a perusal of your "Letters to the Editor" column. I imagine that you would receive more favorable comments if approval were as great an incentive to write as is indignation.

HARRY FOX

New York City

### Alcoholics Anonymous

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am writing to congratulate you on the splendid article, "Alcoholics Anonymous," which appeared in the July issue of *THE SIGN*. The author covered the subject excellently, and of course, it is given added value and significance by the fact that it gives public praise and approval for the first time, to my own knowledge, by a leading Catholic magazine of the magnificent work being done by the AA's.

It is impossible to estimate the tremendous boost this will give, nor the thousands who will be beneficially influenced by the fact that the article was written by a Catholic priest.

My interest in this organization is based on the experience of three friends of mine, all Irish-Americans, and two of them Catholics. They were all prosperous in their life-work; they were all happily married and had nice families and homes. Loss of money during the depression started two of them to drinking heavily. The inevitable happened—divorce and shattered homes.

These men joined the AA's and they have

## ACTIVE CARMELITES

Perhaps the Queen of Carmel wants to clothe YOU with the special sign of her love—her scapular. If you are not inclined to teach, work with the Aged and Infirm offers untold possibilities for your talents. Girls from 15 to 35, of good Catholic families, who feel that they have a vocation and who desire to live a life hidden in Christ in a Community dedicated to Mary and Carmel, are welcome to send for descriptive literature or come for a personal interview. Apply to:

REV. MOTHER M. ANGELINE TERESA, O. CARM.

St. Patrick's Home, 66 Van Cortlandt Park South, Bronx 63, N. Y.

### Is Our Lord calling you to save souls?

The Hospital Sisters of St. Francis care for God's sick and poor that souls may be brought to Heaven. They also have missions in China. Candidates desirous of sharing in this work are invited to write to:

REV. MOTHER PROVINCIAL

St. Francis Convent Springfield, Illinois

### SISTERS OF REPARATION

of the  
CONGREGATION OF MARY

Young ladies desiring to serve God in the service of the poor and friendless may write to

REV. MOTHER JOSEPHA,  
143 W. 14th Street New York 11, N. Y.

### The Little Sisters of the Assumption

HOME MISSIONERS who devote their lives to gaining the family to Christ through exercising the corporal and spiritual works of mercy in the homes of the Sick Poor.

Young lady, yes, YOU who read this notice, would you not like to follow such a Christ-like mission? For further information apply to Reverend Mother Vicar, 246 East 15th Street, New York 3, N. Y. Nevitlale, 6611 Wissahickon Ave., Phila. 19, Penn.

### BE A CATECHIST SISTER OF ST. JOHN BOSCO

Young Community with large missionary field on Texas border. Entire time devoted to teaching Religion, visiting and works of mercy. State age. Address: Sister Directress, Catechist Sisters of St. John Bosco.

ROMA, STARR COUNTY, TEXAS

### ST. FRANCIS HEALTH RESORT

Devil, New Jersey  
Established in 1895 by the Sisters of the Sorrowful Mother. An up-to-date institution with attractive grounds for convalescents and others in need of rest and mountain air. Mental, drug, and contagious cases not admitted.

Address Sister Superior

### OUR DEAR DEAD

This little book of remembrance contains the Masses for the Dead, special Mass prayers, the Absolution, and various special prayers for the departed. Many of the prayers are richly indulgenced. Our Dear Dead will bring comfort and spiritual solace to the bereaved, and is an invaluable help for assisting the souls of the departed. Price 25¢

Order From

THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

### STAMMER?

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 45 years. Free—no obligation.

Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 6800, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

GET THIS  
FREE  
BOOK

### FRANCISCAN CONVENT

Rock Island, Illinois

Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of the Order of St. Francis. Community represented in the Diocese of Peoria, Green Bay, and Archdiocese of New York. Candidates to the Sisterhood may apply to

MOTHER GENERAL, 767 - 30th ST.,  
ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS  
Or St. Joseph's Boys' School for the Deaf,  
309 Hutchinson River Parkway,  
New York 61, New York.

### HAVE YOU A DARING MISSIONARY SPIRIT?

The Franciscan Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God train candidates for active service in their teaching, nursing, and social work, in home and foreign missions. Write to: Rev. Mother General, Convent of the Immaculate Conception, New Street, Post Office Box 1858, Paterson, N. J.

### THE SERVANTS OF RELIEF FOR INCURABLE CANCER

DOMINICAN SISTERS,  
CONGREGATION OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA

Young women desiring to devote their lives to the religious service of Christ's afflicted poor are earnestly invited to write to Reverend Mother Superior at ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

### MISSIONARY SISTERS

of the  
MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS

Candidates interested in devoting their lives to teaching, nursing, or care of the destitute for the glory of the Sacred Heart in the home or foreign missions are invited to write to  
Mother Superior, St. Michael's Convent, Bernhardt's P.O. Reading, Pa.

### WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME A SISTER?

—to enter a congregation young in the Church, whose apostolic work lends itself to the varied talents and tastes of the modern girl who would realize in her own life the Christ-life in one of its highest expressions? Would you like to teach? to become a nurse? to catechize? to work in the home or foreign missions? or like Mary of Nazareth devote yourself to domestic duties? Write to Mother M. Ottilie, S.C.D.S., St. Mary's Convent, 3516 West Center Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who receives postulants into the Congregation of the Sisters of the Divine Savior.

### EARN EXTRA MONEY FULL OR PART TIME

New FREE, 42 page book entitled "How to Become a Successful Salesman," written by salesmen, has enabled thousands of men and women to find happiness, freedom and success as independent salespeople. Send a penny postcard with name and address to  
SPECIALTY SALESMAN MAGAZINE  
Dept. L G

307 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

### TULIPS

BUY YOUR  
BULBS  
DIRECT FROM  
GROWER

Send for your FREE copy of  
TULIPS—DAFFODILS—CROCUS

VAN BRAGT BROS.  
BOX 5, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

### "I Am He Whom Thou Seekest,"

An interesting pamphlet portraying the life of a Sister of Mercy. Written especially for young women interested in entering upon the religious life. For copy, write to

Mother Superior, Sacred Heart Convent  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

## CHRISTMAS CLUB FOR CHRIST - - CLUB LETTER

Dear Members,

I couldn't laugh at what was amusing in this letter. Nor could I be sad over what was so tragic in it. I could only think of the man who wrote it - the priest - the Missionary. Only wonder; and wonder more.... Yet Father James scarcely alludes to himself. And he doesn't ask for anything. He never thought anyone but myself would read his letter. But I want you all to read it. Because... Well, just read it.

Sincerely,

*Fr. Emmanuel C.P.*

Dear Father Emmanuel,

I have been here at Wangtsun since the first week of February. It is a nice Mission with large shade trees in the yard. Wangtsun is a little town in the hills.

You do not know what you can get along without until you get to a place where you have little of what you consider necessary. The Mission has no radio, no telephone, no English-language newspaper, no electricity. But neither have the other folks. So we are all in the same boat; and happy passengers we are. For smokes, the local pipe tobacco is good. Green tea is a cooling drink in the summer.

The sickness in the neighborhood is something to write about. Out in the countryside almost every house has at least one person sick or dead. The sickness has crept into our little village, with its one main street. Three coffins on one day on this street is something. You hear firecrackers popping off now and then, telling us someone has just died.

For the past week or so the people have been keeping a fast. The pagan fast is a bit more strict than ours; they abstain not only from meat, but from fish and eggs. All this that the sickness may abate.

Many people have had little to eat. Out in the country they dug up roots, ground them into powder, and soaked it with water. This was their food. Guess I can go without beefsteak and butter when I hear of this.

We have a little school of some hundred and seventy children on the Mission property. The youngsters like to come around and ask for medicine - cough drops, tummy ache pills, eye drops. If they do not get in immediately some kid is apt to put on a show outside the door. He will groan like an old man on his last legs. But he sounds so awful the other children laugh, and that spoils his show.

The Sign for April arrived a few days ago. First bit of English literature for some time. We sure do enjoy it.

Hope you have a pleasant summer. God keep you.

Ever fraternally in Christ,  
Fr. James Lambert, C.P.

A  
Penny-A-Day  
For  
The Missions

Dear Father: Please send me a mite box and enroll me in your Christmas Club.  
Name .....  
Street .....  
City, State .....

lived up to the precepts of that fellowship in every way for several years. All of them are now on the road to business success.

One of these men here in Detroit who is very active in the AA's read your article at two of their weekly meetings, and needless to say it was very well received.

ARTHUR D. MAGUIRE

Detroit, Mich.

### Boston Marathon

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Sorry I must correct Joseph Nolan's "Always A Bridesmaid." (Page 12, June, 1946)

For many, many years the Boston Marathon was started at Ashland (not Hopkinton), Massachusetts. When I was a boy, I witnessed the start each year until the distance was extended from 25 miles to 26 miles, 385 yards.

Riverdale, N. Y.

J. EDWARD KING

### A Grateful Missionary

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May God bless the donor who sends me your excellent magazine! I enjoy every number of it, yes, even its jokes. The only drawback is that I cannot receive it regularly because this island, lost as it is in the north of Bering Sea, has no communication whatever with the mainland for eight months of the year, and during the four months of open navigation our mail comes by chance. We have no schedule. The Coast Guard boats of the traders touch our rocks and very kindly drop a few sacks of mail. Then we have reading matter for quite a while. I give the marrow of it to my Eskimos. That opens their eyes on many important subjects.

May your magazine prosper more and more!

G. LAFORTUNE, S.J.

King Island, Nome, Alaska

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above letter is one of many similar letters from missionaries who receive copies of THE SIGN through the generosity of our readers. The gratitude and prayers of these missionaries should be a source of gratification to the kind donors.

### Spanish Navy

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

While reading the article, "The Second Soviet," by Georgia Long, in the June issue of THE SIGN, I came upon the statement concerning Spain which put forth that the navy was composed of "one 20,000 ton cruiser, no warships." This statement is not true as the Spanish fleet contains one heavy cruiser, five light cruisers, fifteen destroyers and seven subs. In naval circles this is not considered a very formidable fleet although strong enough for defense measures.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DONALD F. BARRY

Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

---

---

*Father Theophane Maguire*

tells a classic story of inspiration  
and brotherly love drawn from  
the heartbeat of the modern day in

# HUNAN HARVEST

(With drawings by Weda Yap)

Well remembered as a former editor of *The Sign*, Father Maguire recalls the years he spent in the remote Hunan Mission and thereby tells a warm and human story which speaks for every self-sacrificing man and woman who puts aside the ties of flesh and blood to become a harvester of souls. Revealing graphically the lice and dirt and cockroaches, the beggars and sick poor, the honest and good and the evil people which make up a missionary's everyday world—he also paints portraits of the high spots in such a life, when poverty-stricken, illiterate, ungainly men and women are transformed by the discovery of a beautiful, ennobling faith.

With a foreword by Archbishop Cushing, charmingly illustrated, down-to-earth and straightforward — you'll want to read **HUNAN HARVEST. \$2.50.**

Order from  
**THE SIGN**  
Union City, New Jersey

---

---



THE SIGN—Mission Dept.—MONASTERY PL., UNION CITY, N. J.

Please send me ..... Copy .....  
Copies Hunan Harvest.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

PAYMENT ENCLOSED ☐

CHARGE ☐

ALL ORDERS ARE POSTPAID





*Typical of China's starved youngsters is this boy with bloated, hopeless face, covered with the ugly sores that poverty and malnutrition bring*

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

**S**OMEONE has well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries.

Whatever you have you owe to Almighty God. It is fitting that gratitude prompt you to provide assistance for one or more of those institutions which are promoting His Kingdom upon earth.

Long after you have departed from this world your charity and generosity will be making possible

magnificent achievements for His Cause. Your name will be held in prayerful memory by the zealous and needy missionaries whom you have helped.

May we, for God's honor and glory and for the support of those who are laboring in fields afar, suggest that this definite provision be embodied in your last Will:

*I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of..... (\$ ) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.*

**The Passionist Missions in China**  
**The Sign** **Union City, N. J.**

